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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"Go on working and the country will come round to you"—one is reminded of those parting words of Lord George Bentinck at Harcourt House by the renewal of the Home Rule debate in the Commons this week. That the country—that England—has changed its mind about Home Rule we do not in the least believe. A few "flaccid fatalists" in politics may have veered round, but that is nothing. What, however, is really depressing is the want of keenness and vivid interest among so many people. No doubt this is natural in a way, and easily accounted for—the country is sick of all these huge legislative proposals and pretences, and in the variety and number of them cannot give the attention it deserves to the most deadly even; for imperially without question Home Rule is the deadliest. Still it is very hard on the keen and bold Unionists in the House, who are now settling down to their fierce fight, that they should not get more attention from the bulk of their friends in the country. They can only act up to brave George Bentinck's words and do their duty.

What can be done—and soon done—to arouse people to the Home Rule danger is well taught by the great meetings at Preston on Tuesday and at the Albert Hall yesterday. One welcomes Mr. Balfour's return—somewhat—to his indignant mood when he accused the Government of aiming their "felon blow" at the Crown. He now says again outright that the Government are pressing Home Rule simply for the sake of the Irish vote. It is much more important that the country should be constantly reminded of the corrupt traffic between the Government and the Irish Disloyalists than that they should be invited to discriminate between theories of Federalism.

People who have never been in touch with the House of Commons often imagine that debates in Committee—even on a great Bill—are dull, and deal only with obscure detail. They are wrong, of course. Some of the most interesting, even brilliant, debates are in Committee of the whole House. The debates in Committee on the 1867 Franchise Bill are an example, and one or two of Lowe's best speeches were made then. This Home Rule Bill should produce in Committee some stirring debates—and scenes. There was plenty of principle in the debate on Tuesday and Thursday on the amendment to leave Antrim, Armagh, Down and Londonderry out of the Bill. Mr. Agar Robartes made a bright speech, with a clever jest or two at his party's expense, and Mr. Pirrie likewise dared the Liberal Whips and scorpions. There is not, there never could be, the least real chance of the Government putting the Opposition in a tight place by accepting the amendment. Home Rule, with the wealth and energy of Ulster left out, would be a gift to Mr. Redmond of an orange squeezed dry. Nationalists want the fruit whole, whether it prove blood orange or not.

None the less Sir Edward Carson was right to make quite clear the attitude of Ulster—that part of Ulster which really counts in all Home Rule calculation, the part which holds both juice and pips. They would accept the amendment, but they would not compromise on it—for that would go down to history as a mean bargain. The Loyalists in the other provinces of Ireland may be very thinly distributed, but not the less for that they are Loyalists. We cannot leave them and yet keep our honour. Frankly, our main object must always be to show up the Bill by amendments. We aim to amend the Bill that we may end the Bill. That is what an Opposition, Conservative or Liberal, that knows its duties always aims at in fighting a measure which it regards as bad and dangerous. It is a well-understood party and parliamentary principle.

The Government are in an impasse—that is the conclusion of the whole matter of this debate. They cannot carry Home Rule if they include Ulster, and Home Rule is impossible without Ulster. Ministerialists, especially from Scotland, are getting daily more nervous about forcing Home Rule on Belfast

Protestants. Many of them would like a "deal" with Belfast very much, but Mr. Redmond will not hear of it. There is no escape for the conscience of these qualmish Liberals.

The Opposition did very well with the Vote of Censure on Wednesday. These solemn condemnations of the Government of the day are generally rather futile; made with much parade and meaning little. But this time the Opposition brought down the Ministerial majority sensibly and put the Government in a deserved difficulty, as Mr. Asquith's speech let out. Mr. McKenna would not face the charge made against him—that he had in debate last week laid down the principle that protection to those engaged in a lawful act would be given or refused according to his discretion based on his view of the merits of the particular case. This is what his words last week amounted to; and it was this rule of policy the Opposition was criticising, and which Mr. McKenna had to defend. Instead he explained it away by qualifying his words as referring only to a particular occasion.

Then he took refuge in a plea of no power or responsibility outside the metropolitan area. Whatever may be the exact legal position as to the Home Secretary's jurisdiction, in fact he can deal with matters of public order all over the kingdom, and does. Mr. McKenna's appeal to the success he claims for his administration was almost irrelevant. He might have done worse, no doubt; he has given protection to many; work has been kept going to a considerable extent; the food-supply of London has been kept up. But the charge was not that he had never given police protection, but that in some cases he had refused it and supported his refusal on the grounds of a policy of selection. The plea of insufficiency of police to answer all the calls made on him seems to have been an afterthought. At any rate it was not put forward last week.

Mr. Asquith's version of the matter was worthy of his advocate's skill. Mr. McKenna had not enough police to deal with all cases requiring protection at once, so he naturally dealt first with the most pressing. That is obviously legitimate, and is precisely the position that Mr. Bonar Law had sanctioned in the speech quoted so gleefully, yet very simply, by Liberals. As it happens, this was not the position Mr. McKenna had taken up; it was not the position condemned by the Vote of Censure. Mr. Bonar Law very rightly said that in this case words were more important than deeds, for Mr. McKenna's words expressed a policy. That policy no Liberal speaker had justified. The Attorney-General hardly got to it. The Government made a poor show, and might, it seems to us, have done a good deal better if they had had more courage. The question is not a simple one, and therefore should be grasped like a nettle. The Government handled it gingerly, and got stung.

Lord Haldane's speech at the Great Central Hotel has proved to be his swan song as War Secretary. "*Cedant arma togæ*"—Lord Lansdowne may be forgiven the ancient tag for its exquisite aptness. The speech was, of course, in the usual optimistic vein. A great revival in military spirit, he maintains, has become evident in the nation. Thus at one end of the scale we have the Veteran Reserve, and at the other the Boy Scouts—both of which movements, by the way, are due to private initiative. If the Veteran Reserve be taken seriously and helped by the authorities, it has great possibilities before it. Obviously the whole of its members are not fit for the work of active soldiering. But if one-half is, much will be gained; whilst for the rest useful work can still be found. On one point we disagree altogether with Lord Haldane. He told us that "time was on our side". Why this should be so we fail altogether to understand. We should say it was just the other way. Even if we now went with the times, and introduced some compulsory system, it would be some years before it became systematised and effective.

It must be admitted that the Radical party does reward its "rats"; Mr. Seely is the latest instance. Almost from the moment he left his old party he has thriven on office: and now he is to be Secretary of State for War and in the Cabinet. Evidently it pays to have a conscience, and still more to talk about it. What an age of advertisement, that advertising even your conscience should lead to the Cabinet! Well, we may see now if Mr. Seely has something else less obvious in him. He takes over a difficult business; he takes over amongst other things the *damnosa hæreditas* of the Territorial Force. Its failure is likely to come to a head in his time. When that time comes Lord Haldane will indeed be able to "smile and smile and be a villain".

Mr. Seely starts with the disadvantage of possessing the smattering of military knowledge which is dangerous. As a yeomanry officer he served in the South African War, and for all we know did very well. But that is not the point. A man with but a modicum of military training and experience would not therefore be in the best position to appreciate the effect of what he saw. But Mr. Seely, like others in the same position, came home with the idea that he knew everything about soldiering. Whilst still a Unionist, he was one of the most persistent of a small band who pestered the War Office representatives about that time with ignorant questions and criticisms. Mr. Arnold Forster's career as War Minister was hampered by the possession of a little knowledge. His example should be a warning to Mr. Seely.

It may be well to put Sir Rufus Isaacs into the Cabinet, but it is out of all reason to increase the size of Cabinets as Governments have been so fond of doing of late years. The truth is there are at least a dozen men in this Cabinet who have no claim whatever to be there through personal merit. In practice, of course, the lesser pillars of the Cabinet are merely dummy pillars, sometimes plain and sometimes ornamented with capitals. All the power and all the direction is with the small ring which has come to be known as the Inner Cabinet. It may be argued that no harm can be done by making a large outer or nominal Cabinet; but, actually, it lessens the authority and prestige of Government; and when the head of the whole is not a supreme figure, notably greater than his nearest colleagues, it leads often to irresolute policy. It is to be hoped that the next Unionist Prime Minister will be strong enough to deny the Cabinet to a number of mediocrists.

Last Monday the Government's attempt to settle the transport strike broke down. The masters informed the Government that they could not accept the men's proposals. The men's terms were a joint board for deciding on all labour questions arising in the Port, the employers to enter into a federation for ensuring the employers carrying out their part of any agreement, the men offering to guarantee theirs by the deposit of a fund by the men's unions. The masters argued that a federation of employers is impossible. An employer cannot be prevented from leaving the federation; and foreign employers could not be in the federation and would have an advantage over those who were. Probably the chief obstacle is that the proposed settlement leaves open the question of non-union labour. The employers will not consent to any discrimination between unionists and non-unionists.

The national strike has not come off; the London Strike Committee has not persuaded the transport workers elsewhere to join them. The Government has deliberately given up all idea of legislation. As a last device it has set the Industrial Council to consider how agreements between masters and men can be made binding! The slow response so far from most of the centres to the appeal of the Strike Committee is conclusive evidence that the Committee had not secured support in advance, and that it has tried to rush the position. Some of the trade unions—the powerful Sailors and Firemen's Union for instance

—have resented this, and instructed their men not to remain at work until they get official trade union orders to the contrary.

Mr. Will Thorne appeared on Tuesday before the aldermen of West Ham with a resolution to pull up the roads which ran through their borough to the docks. Already at Tower Hill he had argued that it was a justifiable retort upon the Port of London to "use ratepayers' money for the purpose of ripping up the roads to the docks to prevent the convoys coming along". The Mayor of West Ham happily did not agree:

The Mayor: That is a resolution I cannot take; I cannot allow the roads in the borough to be pulled up for anyone.

Councillor Jones (of the Strike Committee): You are not the borough.

Alderman Ivey: The roads are the King's.

Alderman Thorne: The King be hanged. He doesn't pay for the roads, and we do.

The Mayor: It is not a reasonable resolution.

Mr. Thorne is, at least, fertile in suggestion. Mr. Wedgwood has to rely on the wearisome threadworn nonsense about the police "taking sides". He talks also of "buying sticks and guns for the men". Happily this mischievous wild talk has hitherto failed of its effect. Mr. Ben Tillett was also speaking at Tower Hill: "The workers of this country were the only people who counted at all, and if they only valued themselves as they ought, they would not allow so many millionaires to live—let alone die natural deaths, because if the millionaires had died according to their merits, every one of them would have been hanged." Happily the men are better than their leaders. They cheer this sort of thing as part of the game. If they really began to take it seriously, the Government would have to lock up Mr. Tillett and Mr. Wedgwood in mere self-defence.

"The Docker and the Lord exchanging compliments" was Mr. Tillett's witty comment upon the bogus letter from Lord Devonport. Mr. Tillett, like Molière's medicine-man, was witty in spite of himself; for next day he spoiled the jest with a heavy hand. Mr. Tillett's letter to Lord Devonport was farce on the top of comedy.

Rain could not damp the spirit, but it certainly damped the effect, of the Welshmen's demonstration in London against Disestablishment. It was unfortunate, for a procession of ten thousand men is imposing in anything like favourable circumstances. It would strike many who could not or would not hear speeches or read them—those, for instance, who, indifferent themselves to Church questions, think no one cares any more than they, at any rate only women. The Archbishop of York turned the occasion to good account. It is good to find a Liberal proclaiming the essentially religious character of this question. "The principle of Establishment goes far too deep in reason and in history to be dismissed by the commonplaces of Mr. McKenna's old-fashioned individualism." "The Bill is out of date. It belongs to a stale, flat and unprofitable political programme." At last the leaders of the Church are speaking out.

Mr. Acland was able to tell the House of Commons on Monday that Miss Malecka had been pardoned on condition she left Russia. Sir Edward Grey has managed this affair well all through. He refused to have his hand forced by anti-Russian fanatics, who by their clumsy tactics were greatly increasing his difficulties. The conclusion is fortunate, for the case on merely legal merits was a technical puzzle of the worst sort, involving precisely that very delicate problem of double nationality which has just been satisfactorily arranged between Russia and America by Mr. Taft. Sir Edward Grey's success will please everyone—save, perhaps, the champions of Miss Malecka, who loved their friend a good deal less than they liked the prospect of a row with Russia.

The debate on the India Bill was pure waste of Parliamentary time. The transfer of the capital and the reconstruction of Bengal are choses jugées. The transfer of the capital means the housing of government in a more loyal and central province. The reconstruction of Bengal is a compensatory—and mischievous—concession to disloyalty. But now 'tis done, 'tis done. The Opposition would have been wiser to accept the fact and to direct their criticism (1) to the proposed method of financing the new capital; (2) to the perilous conception of a federated Home-ruled India.

The root trouble of the Indian Government at the moment is finance. The loss of the opium revenue means fresh taxation. The Government cannot raise the money under a Free-trade policy without stirring discontent. Meantime a stubborn determination to offer loans at below market rate has crippled their borrowing power. These conditions make it advisable to finance the new Imperial city from a specially raised fund instead of taking the money—as the Government proposes—out of loans and balances appropriated to railway extension and industrial development. After all, Delhi could wait till the congestion of traffic which has been holding up the commerce of Upper India was relieved.

Count Tisza has been received in audience by his King on his election to the Presidency of the Hungarian Chamber. Since the audience was given after the Count's militant dealings with obstruction its character was not purely formal, and a good deal is to be read between the lines of the carefully worded official communiqué of approval. The attitude of the Crown will influence the House of Magnates, which has had some thought of rejecting Bills passed under a system of closure by the police. It will influence public opinion in Hungary as well, and the view may well gain ground that the sooner the Standing Orders are reformed and the House made workable the better. Still it is noteworthy that the attempted assassination of Count Tisza appears to have provoked no comment except "Serve him right"; also that suspended members of the Opposition were allowed to enter the Parliament building, lest cinematograph films of deputies struggling with soldiers should be used to work up an agitation.

The "Vendémiaire"—sister ship of the "Pluviôse" which was run down in the Channel a year ago—was struck on Saturday last by the "Saint Louis"; and immediately sank. The wreck with her crew lies in 25 to 30 fathoms of water; so that it will be scarcely possible to discover why the boat was out of her course. In every case of a submarine collision save one every member of the crew has been lost with the ship. Accidents to a submarine are not frequent; but they are very terrible. Therefore they are not forgotten, and seem more numerous than they are. There are not yet in the tale a dozen accidents from all causes.

The question of more lifeboats had of course to be considered by Lord Mersey's Commission; and this has been touched on during the week. We wish to offer no comment on what has been said at the Commission, but criticism outside in the matter has on the whole been worse than childish, it has been quite babyish. The notion really seems to be this—all the dangers and ills of the sea are to be cured by loading every vessel with a perfect fleet of lifeboats. How absurd and obviously ill-informed such tattle is! Why, even if the "Titanic" had been provided with double the number of lifeboats she possessed, hundreds of people must nevertheless have been lost—and this though the conditions for lowering boats were extremely favourable.

But the very wise and provident critics have quite overlooked one thing: what if the lifeboats, after being lowered, are in danger of sinking? Might it not be well to make the lifeboats much larger and stronger in build, and to provide them not only with plenty of fresh water and biscuits, but also with a number of



small lifeboats against emergency? "And so ad infinitum."

At the dinner to the Judges at the Mansion House the Master of the Rolls took the opportunity of advertising the fact of the growth of arrears in the Courts. It was a very good way of impressing on the public that the fault is entirely the Government's for not appointing one or two additional Judges. The Master of the Rolls rather minimised matters; for really they are now as bad as they were two years ago, when two Judges were added to the Bench.

The French will nationally celebrate Rousseau, born 200 years ago on 28 June. M. Barrès and the 112 deputies who on Tuesday voted with him notwithstanding. "Le Contrat Social" is ridiculous philosophy; in fact Rousseau does not count now in anything save literature; and M. Barrès did not deny the greatness of Rousseau in literature. He admired as much as anyone Rousseau of the "Confessions" and the "Nouvelle Héloïse". But he would not imply approval of Rousseau's social theories by voting in Parliament for his celebration as a national figure. "The living are governed by the dead." It was inconsistent to shoot down Bonnot and glorify the "father of anarchist theories". After all, it matters little enough whether Rousseau or anyone else is "celebrated" or not.

Mr. Hammerstein has reduced the prices at his London Opera House to the winter scale, which is the wisest thing he has done this season—they should never have been raised. The day has gone by when people will pay more to hear an opera than to hear a good concert or a bad play. Covent Garden has a monopoly not indeed of opera, but of the set that willingly pays to sit in the same theatre as Royalty, and for a very considerable number of nights is not compelled to listen to music. That would tax the brains of a Covent Garden audience too far, and they are mercifully given Russian ballet. The Covent Garden Theatre is now one of the pleasantest, most commodious—and dearest—variety halls in London.

The flying race last Saturday was a really sporting contest. At Hendon it was brilliant sunshine, and most of the spectators imagined it was to be a straightforward run with sure victory for the fastest machine. But south of the river there were rainstorms and fog. Mr. Sopwith, on a Bleriot monoplane with a 70-h.p. Gnome engine, wandered about over Ealing, got home first, but was afterwards disqualified because he had been unable to find the turning point at Purley. Mr. Sippe discovered that he was entirely lost near Merstham. Mr. Moorhouse strayed away to Sevenoaks. Meantime at Hendon the crowd pictured the competitors keeping a true course for home under a clear sky; so that Mr. Sopwith was received into the aerodrome as obviously the winner. The victory was really with Mr. Hamel, who very characteristically made light of the competition by flying with a lady passenger.

The Welsh Nationalists have fallen away from Fluellin. He had the man in him at least to make his mocker Ancient Pistol eat the leek: "if you can mock a leek you can eat a leek". But Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ellis Griffith cannot any longer stand up to a little chaff about their emblem. They have decided to abandon the leek, and on the strength of some obscure etymological point adopt in its stead a daffodil! Wales is to take a step upward in the world indeed—to exchange the kitchen for the flower garden.

But the best of the joke lies in the means by which the leek is to be abandoned in favour of the daffodil. The daffodil is to be put on the new Insurance Stamp, so that every mistress and every master who licks it—for as Mr. Masterman has elegantly said they have "got to lick it"—shall be reminded of the improved social and floral status of "gallant little Wales". It now but remains for the Welsh patriots, having got rid of the leek, to get rid of Taffy.

#### MR. McKENNA AGAIN!

THE Vote of Censure on Mr. McKenna has cleared the air satisfactorily. If the Home Secretary wanted a halo, as Mr. Balfour suggested in his speech on Welsh Disestablishment, he has got one, though one must doubt whether its precise hue will please the wearer. Mr. McKenna left the Admiralty under a cloud, and emerged for a moment into a serener atmosphere at the Home Office. The opportunity given him for leading a new life has, however, apparently been thrown away, and his performances on land have quite equalled his record achievements "at sea". "Il y avait une bêtise à faire; il l'a faite." His own slightly naïve but unquestionably sincere explanation of his original and startling remarks on the Right to Work probably explain nearly everything that has happened. "With regard to the question of the language I used on Thursday", remarked the Home Secretary, "I came into the House at just twenty minutes past eleven, having had no notice of the discussion, and not knowing what had been said, and I had to speak within half a minute of arrival". Everyone must have sympathy with the dilemma of the right hon. gentleman. Apparently he had the appalling choice between saying nothing and making the speech he did. Silence in the circumstances would have been golden. Speech, as things turned out, involved him, fresh from the intoxicating influence of the Chancellor and freed for the moment from the refrigerating influence of the Prime Minister, in a declaration of policy which both he and his colleagues have been prompt to disown. The whole question of the responsibility of the Home Office for maintaining order and preserving the legal rights of the individual in cases of an industrial dispute is clearly one of the most vital importance. It certainly is not one to be dealt with by a notoriously tactless Minister after half a minute of reflection. We may brush aside in a moment the plea that the Home Office or the Executive is not responsible for what happens outside the Metropolitan area, and cannot send either Metropolitan Police or soldiers to deal with an outside disturbance. Everyone knows that this is mere special pleading, and that the Home Office would not hesitate for a moment to invade the sphere of the local magistrates where such an invasion was necessary to secure the public peace. Mr. McKenna himself admitted this when he declared that he would send police if there were a riot over the introduction of strike-breakers, but not until there was such a riot. The retort is obvious. If it was the business of the local magistrates to ensure the landing of strike-breakers, it was equally the business of local magistrates to deal with the riot which might ensue. If, on the other hand, the central authority could take over affairs when the trouble began, it had equal power to invade the local jurisdiction in order to prevent the trouble. It is precisely this sort of futile ground taken by the legal or ex-legal members of a Government which annoys the ordinary public. The Government had a far better case, and as soon as they threw over the Home Secretary's original speech, as the Prime Minister promptly did, they found themselves in a much sounder position.

The case put by Mr. Austen Chamberlain with a debating ability and force which reminds one of his father was based simply on the Home Secretary's utterances. No one denies that the Home Office must in particular circumstances be given a certain dispensing discretion. Under this discretion that office may declare, and ought to be allowed to declare, that acts in themselves perfectly legal cannot be done except at the risk of those who insist on doing them. If excitement is at fever heat on any particular occasion, and the supply of police and military is insufficient to secure public order, it is perfectly clear that the central authority cannot be made responsible for the protection of people who are engaged for the moment in doing a perfectly legal action. But this was not Mr. McKenna's original proposition. The line of argument which provoked, and rightly provoked, the vote of



censure was that after the Home Office had received due warning of the situation, it was under no duty to see that a legal act was performed by means of imported or extaneous assistance, because in its own opinion the legal act was "provocative". Not a single Ministerial speaker tried to defend such a proposal. It would be difficult for any Government to do so. Certainly the Executive in Dublin never held such a view when they sent a brigade to Belfast to allow Mr. Churchill to make a "provocative" speech. It cannot fairly be called provocative and it is not illegal to engage free labourers who wish to work, and if the Home Office is given adequate notice and can command the force to meet the occasion, it is bound to give such labourers adequate protection. The whole point at issue was admirably brought out by the Home Secretary's ill-advised attempt to quote from Mr. Bonar Law's speech on the Newport strike. It is seldom that one gets a case so clearly and finally put as it was by the leader of the Opposition on that occasion. "If the Home Secretary in his defence of the action of the Government had confined himself to saying 'The police protection is not sufficient, and if these men are landed now there will be trouble and disturbance with which it would be impossible to cope, and therefore to allow these men to land would be so great an evil that as an administrative member of the Government it is my business to prevent it', I should have said he was quite right. . . . If all that the Home Secretary meant was that he was prepared to say to Messrs. Houlder: 'At this moment we have not force necessary to prevent those men being landed, but if you insist on your legal rights, I shall take steps to give you legal protection'"—the Opposition were too much pleased to allow him to finish the sentence. This is, to use a new and old phrase, both the law and the prophets. The Home Office has discretion about the circumstances in which legal rights can be enforced with safety. It has not a right to claim as a settled and permanent policy the discretion to decide whether a lawful act is provocative or not, and to refuse or grant the protection necessary for such an act to be done at its own pleasure accordingly. The Prime Minister indeed obviously recognised this fact and executed a climb down as graceful as he could be expected to perform without openly throwing over his lieutenant. The Opposition have undoubtedly scored their point: the Home Secretary has abandoned his position, and the next news we may expect to hear is that Mr. McKenna has retired, joined the Upper House, or become Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Seventy-seven is not much of a majority on a vote of censure, as Liberal employers will no doubt note.

#### THE STRICKEN STRIKE.

CALLING a national strike is like calling spirits from the vasty deep; everything depends on their coming. We cannot help wishing that Mr. Tillet and his friends had not failed so completely, for it is about time that the meaning of a national strike were understood. The coal strike was national, but as London lies clean away from the coal-mining area Londoners never grasped what it meant, which is why they have so quickly forgotten it. The only national strike which has held up the whole country is the railway strike of last August, and that only lasted a week-end. Everybody concerned seemed terrified at the portent which had been evoked, and it was all hushed up as quickly as possible. But even a national railway strike—and it must be remembered that a good many men remained loyal last August—would be less deadly than a national dock strike. Given a strong Dockers' Union whose leaders could carry out their threat and close all the ports simultaneously, the price of bread would rush up. Matters could not be allowed to drag on for weeks, as happened in the coal strike. The imminent risk of food riots in every big town in the country would make instant action imperative, though public opinion has certainly no definite ideas as to the

form that action should take. It is then rather a pity that the call for a national dock strike should have fallen so flat. Even a partial response in every port would have made it impossible for the welfare of the community to be left any longer at the mercy of a labour leader in a huff.

The call, however, has failed and was bound to fail. Even in London the strike has been a half-hearted affair from the first, and the threat of its extension was never taken seriously. A union does not become national simply by calling itself such, and the organisation of dock labour is especially local. Liverpool deals with its own employers without considering London, and, having had its taste of fighting last summer, Liverpool is in no mood for more. Most of the other ports think with Liverpool, and all chances of a successful appeal to the solidity of labour were destroyed by the lack of union among the leaders in London itself. Mr. Tillet is pleased to use hot words about Lord Devonport, but it is not Lord Devonport who has broken Mr. Tillet. Father Hopkins is the man who nipped the strike in the bud, and even if Father Hopkins had lost his head in the excitement of a committee meeting, it is doubtful whether the men would have stuck to their leaders. The average working man is a fairly shrewd person, and does not fight unless he stands a chance of winning. But the men at the docks knew that the odds were tremendously against them. Their temper throughout has been entirely different from that of the miners last March. They struck against their will out of loyalty to their leaders, and now that they see their places may be filled permanently are anxious to come to terms before it is too late.

All these facts must be borne in mind if we are to do justice to the employers' attitude. Every Radical paper with an eye to the working-class vote has condemned their behaviour as tyrannical. According to the typical Radical view, a Government with a single eye to the general welfare has devised (in other words, borrowed from a correspondent of the "Times") a scheme for a settlement. It is a scheme which differs from all the other schemes that have been brought forward during the last few months in that it makes the unions offer a substantial monetary guarantee of good faith. And the employers have actually feared the Chancellor of the Exchequer bearing gifts, and have rejected these excellent proposals. All of which is made to prove that Radicalism is Labour's true friend. Good party tactics, no doubt, but are they quite fair? Lord Devonport has indicated the employers' position. He has reminded us that the Authority of which he is Chairman made an agreement last year which was submitted to the men, accepted by them, and broken two days afterwards. Such treatment was bound to rankle. The employers now see that the union leaders have made a great blunder, and that, if only there is no interference, the strike must quickly fizzle out. Why, then, should they throw away a certain victory for the sake of pleasing a Government which counts the Home Secretary among its members? Reverse the conditions and would the men give way?

Taking the facts as they are, and remembering that employers are not more than human and perhaps a little less, the Government's plan was bound to be rejected. Legislation may possibly save the men from the consequences of their leaders' folly, but legislation is impossible without public approval and Mr. Redmond's acquiescence, and both of these are wanting. The average man in comfortable circumstances will probably view the failure of the Government's efforts without regret, holding that it is time labour were taught a lesson. But should this labour be taught this lesson? We are all of us agreed that the public interest requires some scheme of arbitration as an alternative to constant strikes, and we have all of us felt the difficulty that the losing side might refuse to abide by the verdict. For the first time we are offered some guarantee that the arbitrator's award will be respected. For the first time a plan is put forward whereby disregard is penalised. It is a good plan, too. There is no elaborate and unworkable

imposition of legal penalties of the type that have proved futile in New Zealand. It is simply proposed that the recalcitrant party shall forfeit his stakes. The failure of the idea is due, as we have said, to the circumstances in which it has been put forward, but an initial failure is bound to discredit the idea itself. That is a great pity, for a workable scheme of compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes is what every reasonable and patriotic man is anxious to see established.

Is it desirable either that this particular class of labour should be trounced? The curse of our industry is casual labour, and it is at the docks that casual labour finds its stronghold and its recruiting ground. Of late years a determined attempt has been made to grapple with the evil, especially at London and at Liverpool, and employers as a whole look with a favourable eye upon projects of decasualisation. But not all the good-will in the world on the employers' part is enough. The employers may federate for the purpose of giving absolutely regular work to so many thousand hands and tolerably regular work to so many thousand more, but the purpose cannot be accomplished unless there exists an organisation capable of supplying the hands. How can any individual superintendent be expected to look along the crowd outside the dock gates at dawn and pick out just those men who, having got a job, will want to keep it? Only a trade union can gather together a body of men who have some interest in staying at their work and who will not go off on the drink as soon as they have saved a sovereign. The dissolution of the dockers' unions would be a disastrous blow to the progress of decasualisation, but it is dissolution with which the unions are now threatened. They cannot afford to be beaten in a strike, and the men know it. Other hands can be got in to take their places, and they must either turn blackleg and make peace with the employers while there is yet time, or starve. A terrible responsibility now rests upon Mr. Tillet, Mr. Gosling, and the other extremists. If they have the dockers' interests really at heart they will pocket their pride, go to Father Hopkins and ask him to arrange terms of surrender. But if they remain stiff-necked and the strike collapses, we hope that the men will re-create the broken unions under other and more intelligent leaders.

#### LORD LOREBURN.

THE sudden retirement of the Lord Chancellor is still enveloped in mystery. That Lord Loreburn's health is not, at the present moment, all that he and his friends might desire, we are sorry to know as a fact. But men recover from indisposition, and Lord Loreburn is only sixty-six, and of a strong and active habit. The Woolsack is not a seat which men lightly abandon, for its occupant concentrates in his person more honours and rewards than any other member of the Cabinet. The Lord Chancellor is paid £10,000 a year, double the salary of the other Cabinet Ministers, and when he is out of office he is paid £5000 a year, not exactly as a pension, but as a salary for his services as a judge on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council and in the House of Lords. He is the Speaker of the House of Lords; he has large legal and some clerical patronage; as the head of the Law he has great precedence both in society and on public occasions. When he wishes to address the Peers, he makes a little step forward, and then a little step to the right, and barons bold and belted earls give way, and listen with awed attention. So far as happiness can be attained on this earth by power and emoluments, by salutations in the market-place and high places at feasts, the Lord Chancellor, like the Thane of Fife, "has it all". Why should a man suddenly resign these things because his digestion is disordered, or the action of his heart a little irregular? There is a gap between the act and its consequences, which neither the explanations of friends nor reasons of medicine account for. It were affectation to ignore what has

been the talk of the clubs and society for the last two years. There has been a persistent undercurrent of hostility running for some time against Lord Loreburn from the Asquith set. It may almost be called an intrigue, so venomous and so secret has been the enmity. The Asquith set is, of course, very powerful, both in society and in the House of Commons, for it embraces many men of influence, and some women—of more influence. The reason why the Asquith crowd do not like Lord Loreburn it would not be easy to state on paper. It is doubtless the old reason:

"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell;  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this I know and know full well,  
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell."

Is not this a good enough reason for any woman and for most men? What better reason did Mrs. Proudie ever give for her disposal of clerical patronage in Barchester Palace? A difference of taste in jokes is, as George Eliot said, a severe strain upon friendship. It may be that a difference of social habits, perhaps a lack of proficiency at bridge, or even a blank refusal to play the game, or a certain austerity of temper not quite congenial to the Prime Minister's circle, originally caused a breach, which the industrious malice of caballers was careful to widen. For Lord Loreburn is not exactly a malleable person from the point of view of the Machine, and those who work it. We can quite understand that there were a good many politicians of the baser sort anxious to get him off the Woolsack. There was the affair of the magistrates. Fine old English gentlemen of the type of Sir John Brunner and Sir Charles Henry thought that the Bench of Justices might be made a cheap and easy way of rewarding political services in the provinces. Lord Loreburn thought otherwise, though as a sensible man he recognised that some effort should be made to reduce the enormous preponderance of Conservative magistrates. The cause of the disproportion between the two political parties on the county bench is that very few Radicals can be found in the counties of sufficient character and education to discharge the duties properly. Still, Lord Loreburn was willing to do what he could, within the bounds of reason, and without prostituting the magisterial function to the party system. Unluckily he declined, or was unable, to appoint one of Lord Rosebery's nominees; and so to the hue and cry of the Brunners and the Henrys was added the bitter attack of Mr. Primrose. A man of coarser fibre than Lord Loreburn would have ignored or rebuked the yapping of these curs at the tail of his gown. But Lord Loreburn is extremely sensitive; it is one of his defects which he cannot hide. Sensitiveness produces irritability, and we can imagine that between the Whips and the Lord Chancellor no love was lost. Another reason may have contributed to make the Woolsack a bed of thorns, rather than of roses. Some months ago the Lord Chancellor took the unusual step of appearing at a mass meeting and moving a resolution. It was a meeting to protest against extending the franchise to women, and Lord Loreburn then said that to give votes to women without consulting the nation would be "a Constitutional outrage". The Government Franchise Bill is to be introduced next week, and it is not impossible that Lord Loreburn took his information, and learned that "the Constitutional outrage" was about to be entrusted to his hands for pilotage through the House of Lords. It is true that the Prime Minister objects to female enfranchisement as strongly as Lord Loreburn. But then Mr. Asquith is of sterner stuff than Lord Loreburn, thicker-skinned, or more philosophical. Nothing but the hand of Time will move Mr. Asquith from Downing Street. It would have been almost impossible for the Lord Chancellor to oppose a Government Franchise Bill in the House of Lords; and quite impossible for Lord Loreburn to support it, if it contained the female vote. Finally, there is the damning fact that Lord Loreburn chose to ally himself by a second marriage with a famous old Tory family. Suspicion is the badge of democracy, and in revolu-



tionary times politicians have been placed on the list of "suspects" for a far weaker reason than a family alliance. On the whole, we are not surprised that a dead-set has been made at Lord Loreburn, and that the bland, complaisant, versatile Lord Haldane "hath leaped into his seat".

Nowadays, when the use of Christian names and abbreviations thereof between men are become, for some occult reason, so much more common than formerly, it is no distinction to be called Bob or Harry or Arthur. But thirty years ago "Bob" was a mark of popularity, given doubtless because Reid was a first-rate wicket-keep and a good fellow. As a young barrister, "Bob" was attractive—he was so tremendously in earnest, so sentimental, and so sympathetic. Only his sense of humour saved him from being a prig, for he married early, and his manners were tinged with prudery. He always disliked his profession, at which he was only moderately successful, for he never had a large practice at the Bar. In the profession he did not occupy a position at all comparable with that of Sir Robert Finlay, or Sir Charles Russell, or Sir Rufus Isaacs, or Sir Edward Carson. As an advocate he was not exactly commonplace, for the argument of a first-class Oxford man has a terseness and a fine edge of logical precision that are rare: but he was a little dull. A man, however, may be a good lawyer without securing a large practice, and an indifferent advocate may turn out an excellent judge. When Sir Robert Reid was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1906, some people said he owed it to his personal friendship with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In truth the Liberal Premier had no choice, as Sir Robert Reid was his ex-Attorney-General. We believe that Sir Robert Reid wished to abandon the Bar and take a Cabinet office that would have kept him in the House of Commons. But the views of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane were identical, and the matter could not be arranged, happily, we think, for all parties. Lord Loreburn has been more successful as Lord Chancellor than he was as Attorney-General. He has not, it is true, been long enough on the Woolsack to establish his reputation as a great judge; that is to come, for he is a thoroughly sound and well-grounded lawyer. When a man has once mastered the principles of contract or criminal law, the comparison of cases is a matter of detail. But in six years Lord Loreburn has won the respect and friendship of so fastidious a body as the House of Lords by his straightforwardness and courtesy in the conduct of business. Impartial he has not been, and could not be, and was not expected to be; for is not the Lord Chancellor a member of the Cabinet? The one blot on his reputation as a statesman and a lawyer is the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, for which he was largely responsible, and which he defended in speeches that are almost incomprehensibly partisan. Lord Loreburn is one of the most honourable men alive, one whom a crooked deed or a dishonest word not only repels but enrages—outside party politics. For he defended the clauses relating to peaceful picketing and immunity from legal liability on the ground that Trade Unions should be given as much liberty as the Primrose League! Modern politics are not suited to men of nice honour or proud sensibility. A Radical Cabinet is no place for Lord Loreburn: but the nation loses the services of a legal statesman, who belongs to a school that is passing away.

#### MEN OF HARLECH.

**L**ORD SALISBURY objected to protest by picnic. "The appeal to the streets", he told a meeting at Sheffield in 1884, "the attempt at legislation by picnic has its dangerous side as well. There is no more hopeless condition in which a popularly governed State can be plunged than when its policy is decided by demonstrations held in the streets of the metropolis". In 1884 "the policy of a popularly governed State" was still decided in the free air of an unclosed House of Commons; party machinery and revolutionised proce-

dures had not yet devitalised Parliamentary discussion: debates were not only fully reported, they were carefully read. A generation ago Lord Salisbury's contempt for monster meetings was justified. If big crowds were not actually dangerous, they were at least superfluous. They are now neither the one nor the other. The battlefield of politics has been transferred from the House of Commons to the public platform. Mr. Chamberlain started his Tariff Reform campaign not at Westminster, but in the country. If Mr. Lloyd George introduced his Budget in the House of Commons, it was to Limehouse that he made his appeal to carry it. When people refuse to pay proper attention to what is happening in the House, the only way to impress them is to go out into Parliament Square. A period of big demonstrations has succeeded a period of big debates; and the Welsh Churchmen have fallen into line. A fortnight ago the Radical and Nonconformist delegates were welcomed by Sir Alfred Mond to what was called a "National Convention" in Swansea. Mr. Lloyd George was of course the star speaker. From the speech that he delivered it might be assumed that the Principality was his pocket borough. "It was", in the words of one of his journals, "more than the vindication of the national demand for the emancipation of faith from the bondage of the State; it was also a clarion call for the disestablishment and disendowment of a pernicious system of landlordism with its black revenue of exactions." It was the speech of the "sideboards" and "the shivering snobs" and "the ten thousand little Tsars". If Wales thought as the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke, it has the leaders, the McKennas and the Georges and the Mondes, that it deserves. Fortunately for the reputation of the Welsh, Wednesday's demonstration in London proved that Mr. Lloyd George is not Wales.

The afternoon was relentlessly wet; there were none the less many thousands listening to the speeches in the park. The processions led by the Bishops and clergy passed cheerfully through the streets to the sound of Welsh hymns. The Albert Hall was packed from gallery to arena. So great indeed was the meeting's enthusiasm that the Archbishop of York had to plead for less incessant applause. In the crowd were many hundreds of working men; many also, to judge from the reception of the Bishop of S. Asaph's Kymric opening, whose common tongue was Welsh; whilst on the platform, where Bishops and members of Parliament were playing a game of musical chairs for seats, there were well-known Liberals sitting side by side their strongest political opponents. The speeches, though they broke no new ground—there is none, thanks to the Church campaign, to be broken—were worthy of the meeting. In one respect they were in notable contrast to "the clarion call" at Swansea. At the "National Convention" it was party politics of the most virulent brand. At the Albert Hall from start to finish party politics were banished. No Liberal need have winced at any word that was spoken; he was there, and everyone, Mr. Bonar Law included, was there not to destroy a Government but to defend religion. By a significant coincidence the House of Commons was on that very afternoon discussing the conduct of the Minister in charge of the Bill. From the Board of Education to the Admiralty, from the Admiralty to the Home Office, Mr. McKenna's progress has been from blunder to blunder. Holding the double distinction of the worst Minister of Education and the most incompetent First Lord for many years, he is daily competing for a treble event by adding the Home Office to the list of his failures. A Minister with this record is not likely to succeed in carrying through an exceptionally difficult undertaking. Day after day the papers are full of reports and rumours of Radical disunion. No afternoon seems complete without some section of the party, Church or Nonconformist, Welsh or English, meeting in a committee room of the House of Commons to demand or to refuse concessions. Mr. Atherton Jones and his friends will not vote for the Bill if concessions are not made. Sir David Brynmor Jones and his Welsh colleagues have, it seems, threatened to stop this



concession-hunting by a campaign of personal attack in Mr. Atherley Jones' and his friends' constituencies. Is Sir David's birthday honour—for Welsh Radical members the fount of honour is never dry—a sop for the Liberationists or a slap for the Churchmen? Outside the House there is Radical opposition in many phases, from the murmurings of the Conciliation Committee to the hard blows of the Bishop of Birmingham and the Dean of Lincoln. It is not surprising, then, that whilst the Nationalists are clamouring for the expedition of Home Rule and the Labour party for the passage of the Franchise Bill, no one puts in a word for Welsh Disestablishment. Between now and August the Government may as a little window-dressing give it two or three days in Committee. To find even a couple of Fridays will be difficult if its promoter continues to occupy the time of the House by his conduct at the Home Office. Time will not smooth his difficulties. When members go to their constituencies in August, they will see for themselves what the parishes that compose them think about the Bill. When they return to the House in October, the confidence even of the most rabid haters of the Church will be shaken by the knowledge that they have gained.

#### THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

THE complete result of the Belgian elections only confirms the first impression. The Liberal-Socialist coalition has been hopelessly beaten, while a Conservative Ministry again remains master of the field. This is a most remarkable result. At the Dissolution the Ministry of M. de Brocqueville had only a majority of six; the loss of three seats would have swept it away. There were twenty new seats to be filled, and the Liberal-Socialist "bloc" was confident of victory. The only question of importance was how the new Ministry was to be composed and how many seats in it the Socialists could justly claim. But instead we have the astonishing fact that a ninth consecutive Conservative Cabinet is to be formed, and the problem is how many seats will be allotted to the extreme wing of the party.

Full returns now demonstrate how dire a defeat the Coalition has received. Before it was dissolved the Chamber contained eighty-six Clericals, forty-four Liberals, thirty-five Socialists, and one Christian Democrat; it now has, with twenty additional seats, one hundred and one Catholics, forty-five Liberals, thirty-five Socialists, and two Christian Democrats. The portion of the Senate indirectly elected has yet to be completed, but the returns of the direct elections give fifty-four Catholics, thirty-one Liberals, and eight Socialists. The Senatorial body has been increased by ten since the last election, and the Socialists have gained four seats, while the Liberals have gained none and the Catholics six. The total Catholic majority of votes over the Coalition amounts to 82,772. In the last two elections the Government lost six seats, and in the last election they only received 20,000 more votes than the Opposition, and at that time the total number of voters for the Chamber was 1,697,619, of whom 993,070 had one vote, 395,866 had two, and 308,683 had three.

It is necessary to set out these figures, for only thus can the great increase of the Conservative majority be understood. The plural vote in the hands of the Flemish peasants, Government officials, priests and well-to-do classes might account for a majority of six, but not for the tremendous increase of this year. The result in large towns is very remarkable. In Brussels the Conservatives gained 13,000 votes more than Liberals or Socialists, who each increased their totals. In Liège, the hot-bed of revolution, Socialist and Clerical gains practically balanced one another at (roughly) 14,000. In three or four of the large cities Liberals and Socialists ran separately, but do not seem to have fared any better than when united. The bond, such as it was, is now visibly relaxing, and it will be interesting to note how the two parties carry on the campaign in the Chamber. They have little in com-

mon save hatred of the religious schools and a desire to facilitate their return to power by means of universal suffrage and the abolition of the plural vote.

This programme, with an increased expenditure on national defence, is really what they offered the country, which has rejected it decisively. The machinery in the hands of the Government in Belgium, as in France, of course accounts for a large number of votes. But such pressure in Belgium is not comparable with what it always becomes in France. It must, however, in fairness be remembered that just before the elections the Government made large concessions to their employés, amounting in all to an expenditure of thirty million francs, of which twelve millions went to railway, postal and telegraph officials. This no doubt helped to bring the official vote heavily on the Government side. But it does not account for the middle and upper class vote, for any largely increased expenditure, and therefore taxation is hateful to them. Also the Flemish peasantry, who are mostly smallholders, and in a vast majority speak nothing but Flemish, have been cleverly organised by the priests into Christian Leagues, and of course voted for the Church.

We have set down all the causes, apart from opinion, which may have contributed to the result. They do not completely account for it. The Coalition knew they would have to fight all these influences, yet they had no doubt of success. The result has been the complete overthrow of Liberalism, whose fortunes have been shown to be in the hands of doctrinaires completely out of touch with the nation at large. As in Germany, it would appear that their day is past; and the struggle of the future lies between the Conservative and religious party and the atheistical and Socialist party. Of course it is absurd to suppose that among the Belgian upper and middle classes there are not large numbers of voters who are Liberals and in no sense of the word Clericals, but the Socialist menace and the recent history of England and France have frightened them into the Conservative camp. The Liberals would have done better had they not joined forces with the Socialists; they lost in this way thousands of votes from the army and the Bourgeoisie.

However the fact may be concealed by minor causes, the truth is that the real test question at the elections was the right of the parent to choose what kind of instruction his child should have. From this point of view the result is a great victory for religious teaching. It is also a victory for the moderate Clericals over the extreme reactionaries. This will be clear if we recall the recent history of the question. M. de Brocqueville, the Premier, took office on the retirement of M. Schollaert. This gentleman was ejected from office by the extreme Clericals under M. Woeste, who detested his military reform bill. The educational reform associated with the names of the Prime Minister and his predecessor seems eminently sensible and just. The communal authority gives every year to every father in the district a certificate for every child of an age to go to school. The parent may send his child to a religious or neutral school, and these certificates are collected by a Government official from the school teacher and entitle the school to a grant on behalf of that child of thirty to thirty-six francs. This seems a sensible addition to the law at present in force, known as the "Frère Orban" law, by which every commune may set up the school of its choice, lay or clerical. The defeated party may then organise a school for itself, if it can, and it is entitled to Government support if it submits to Government inspection. These laws have now been in force for more than twenty years, and with the proposed addition form a very sensible compromise, leaving perfect liberty to the parent. Against this the Liberal party and their allies put forth an advanced and expensive educational programme. They proposed to set up unsectarian (read irreligious) education in all communes at a cost of fourteen million francs additional taxation. This scheme the country has most decisively rejected. It is quite satisfied with the freedom of choice left to the parent by consecutive Conservative administrations.

It is also well that the electors have shown their approval of M. Schollaert's programme over the aggressive clericalism of M. Woeste. There can be little doubt that the new Ministry will continue the sensible policy of the old, which has not ostracised its opponents as did the Bloc in France. On the contrary, the Governor-General of the Congo is now a Liberal, and so are several of his subordinates. The late Ministry also pursued a wise policy in endeavouring to associate wherever possible individual with State enterprise. M. Woeste and his extremists have prudently lain low during the election, but will reassert themselves. We believe, however, that the new Ministry will have the sense to continue on moderately progressive lines. Then their position seems secure. The greatest danger before Belgium is racial faction. The Flemish provinces, except Ostend, supported the Government while the Walloons voted for the Opposition. This is an ominous sign, especially in the present state of Europe, and cannot be ignored by real statesmen. In these the Ministerial Party is certainly not lacking.

#### THE CITY.

THE most spectacular event in the City this week was the failure of the New Zealand Government issue of £4,500,000. The underwriters have been obliged to take up between 80 and 90 per cent. of the amount; but the result is not surprising. The wonder is that the loan was offered to the public at all. The ordinary investor does not require a bond redeemable in two years, which will throw his money back on his hands at the end of that period; he prefers an investment with a longer life. The underwriters must have been fully aware that the public subscription to the issue would be very small, and the result can hardly be a serious disappointment, especially as short-dated securities have their uses in Lombard Street. The applications for the Danish and the City of Moscow loans, which amounted to about 50 per cent. in each case, on the other hand, were disappointing, and it would be well to allow the recent new issues to be fully digested before any more big loans are floated. The condition of the Money market is sufficiently abnormal for this time of the year, owing to the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in holding up the six-and-a-half million surplus and keeping the Exchequer balances so high. Consols, however, have recovered slightly from the recent low record owing to £1,500,000 having been set aside for the Sinking Fund and the news that £2,000,000 of Treasury Bills had been placed privately.

There has been no increase of business on the Stock Exchange, but since the carry-over on Wednesday the tone of the markets has been much more cheerful. A further considerable reduction in the bull account was disclosed at the settlement, and professional bear covering started an improvement in quotations. Home railway securities have been conspicuously firm, presumably in the belief that the efforts of the transport workers' leaders to bring about a "national" strike would fail.

Canadian Pacific developed weakness as usual on the eve of the settlement on account of realisations to avoid the heavy contango, but as soon as the carry-over had been arranged buying orders came, and a recovery was recorded in response to the satisfactory increase of \$449,000 in gross receipts for the first week of the month. Similar movements occurred in Grand Trunks, the traffic improvement in this case being £22,675, which was considerably in excess of market anticipations. Canadian Northern issues declined on the new offering of £1,438,000 of Debenture stock. Business in Americans remains at a very low ebb, and the tone has been dull owing to less encouraging reports as to the crops and to the unsatisfactory monthly statement of unfilled orders by the United States Steel Corporation, which are regarded as a barometer of the country's trade. Among foreign rails a little quiet buying of Argentines has been in progress without making much impression upon quotations. Mexican

rails were strengthened by a traffic increase of \$13,200 for the first week of June.

In the Mining markets copper shares have claimed chief attention owing to the high price for the metal. In some quarters a temporary reaction is expected, but the more distant outlook is considered good. Kaffirs obtained very little benefit from an excellent gold return for May, owing to the discouraging influence of the labour statistics. Greater interest is, however, being shown in this section in the hope that the approaching dividend declarations of several companies will be more satisfactory. The Tin market has gone all to pieces in consequence of the Anglo-Continental scandal, there being the usual decline of good and bad alike in what is called sympathy. Public confidence in Anglo-Continentials having been destroyed, other Nigerian shares are promptly banged, whatever their prospective merits. Anglo-Continentials which a few weeks ago touched £8 have this week been below £1. Official investigation is loudly demanded.

Rubber shares still lack any distinctive feature, although the trade outlook is considered very good. To what extent the trouble at the docks by temporarily restricting supplies has affected the price of the raw material it is difficult to say. The general opinion is that the tendency would be upward in any case, because manufacturers' stocks are known to be short, and the trade both in Europe and America is full up with orders. Some of the late depression in the Rubber market has no doubt been due to realisations necessary to make up losses in Nigerians.

As regards Oils, the reduction of the Shell dividend was less than had been expected, and the quotation has therefore recovered. The report showed that the full dividend of 22½ per cent. had not been earned, but the directors attribute the reduction to 20 per cent. to the desirability of strengthening the reserves in view of the attempt of the Standard Oil Company to obtain valuable concessions in the Dutch East Indies. In the market it is firmly believed that these efforts will be unsuccessful, and the recovery in the quotation is based on the knowledge that current earnings are most satisfactory. One effect of the reduction of the dividend is that the negotiations to introduce Shell shares on the Paris Bourse have been postponed.

As regards Industrials, an emphatic and categorical denial of current rumours by the P. and O. directors has caused another drop in the deferred stock. The Marconi report was highly satisfactory. The dividend declarations were disappointing to the enthusiasts, but the statement that the company has business in hand to the extent of over £1,000,000 is deemed to justify present quotations.

Members of the Stock Exchange have been amused (some of them unnecessarily annoyed) by a project of the "Daily Mail" to carry on the business of stock and share dealing through Carmelite House. The idea exposes an extraordinary ignorance of the essentials of stock and share business.

#### INSURANCE.

##### THE OLD EQUITABLE.

A LIFE office that has continuously flourished for nearly a century and a half may reasonably be expected to exist for an indefinite time, notwithstanding that its directors adhere to old traditions and resolutely decline to pay commission for the introduction of business. The "Old Equitable" is forging ahead. Lately, indeed, the management has been of such an energetic character as to enable the Society to cast off most of the well-known symptoms of age. Senility, most assuredly, is no longer reflected by the accounts, for the premium income is rising, funds are being steadily accumulated, and moderate sums have to be provided in respect of death claims. Apart from knowledge of the actual facts, only in two ways now can the antiquity of the Society be realised—first, by the largeness of the sum that is held in respect of every pound of the premium income; and secondly, by the regularity

with which the bonus additions handed to beneficiaries exceed the amount paid them in respect of original sums assured.

There is certainly nothing suggestive of old age in premiums that increase from £195,856 in one year to £199,912 in the next, and then to £211,343; or in funds that augment by £61,731 in the year when profits are divided, and then by £136,487, to £5,241,950, at the very next stage. Nor again, in view of the annual amount received from policyholders, is it easy to credit that death claims amounting to £113,761, £112,283, and £102,449 in three successive years were those of an office established in September 1762. Such figures might easily relate to a society barely a generation old, and would be natural in the case of an institution founded half a century ago. One does, however, realise that the Equitable must have existed for many years, and must also have been most capably managed, when its accounts show that the amount of the funds is some twenty-five times as great as that of the premium income; only a very old office could report such a magnificent result. Nor could anybody examining the claim experience of the Society fail to arrive at the same conclusion. In the case of ordinary whole-life with-profit policies—almost the whole of the business—the Equitable's more recent record has been as follows:

Year.	Sum Assured.	Bonus Additions.	Previously Commuted Bonuses.	Full Sum Paid.
	£	£	£	£
1909	110,461	116,821	8,100	235,382
1910	102,460	99,499	9,071	211,030
1911	99,890	105,974	9,800	215,664

In other words, every original sum assured of £1000 had on an average been increased by bonuses, including such as had previously been surrendered, to about £2131 in 1909, to £2060 in 1910, and to £2159 last year; while in the annual reports for these three years it is pointed out that holders of old policies received very much more, many such being paid with from three to four times the amount originally covered. From a policyholder's point of view it is, however, even more important to know that the combined sums and bonuses paid each year were more than twice the sum that had been received in premiums by the Society. A fact of this sort demonstrates the value of an Equitable policy as an investment. The reference in the report is not to isolated or exceptional cases, but to the entire whole-life with-profit business, and gives average results, although many policies that became claims had existed for only a few years, twenty or less.

Even the surrender of policies does not—again taking an average—lead to very serious losses, for the full sums paid to vendors represented 79.4 per cent. of the total premiums in 1909, 119 per cent. in 1910, and 98.1 per cent. in 1911. Life assurance for a number of years had therefore been obtained by those members who were compelled to drop their policies at a net cost only slightly exceeding the interest they might, or might not, have earned on the instalments they actually paid. Such remarkable results would scarcely be possible under any system of administration that necessitated the payment of commission. The Equitable, of course, spends only a small proportion of the members' contributions, its latest expense ratios having been as follows: On premium income, 6.77 per cent. in 1909; 8.45 per cent., including valuation expenses, in 1910; and 6.65 per cent. last year. And on its total income, including the interest earned on funds and reserves, the percentages were 3.46, 4.36, and 3.41 respectively. Almost the whole of the profit realised by the Society is therefore returned to the members in the form of quinquennial bonuses; indeed they receive more than the whole-seeing that last year all expenses were covered by a sum of £13,969, while the interest earned on the general reserve was £20,286, or £6317 more.

## SATURDAY PORTRAITS.

By SIGNIFEX.

### III.—SIR SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE man who has occupied an official position in a great national institution for a quarter of a century ought to have made a good many friends and a good many enemies. Sir Sidney Colvin has made plenty of friends, but he has not made enough enemies. This is no compliment; it is stated at the outset in evidence of his failure to fulfil in some respects the opportunities of his career. No strong man who lives steadily and honestly through more than threescore years can fail to make enemies; and it is to be attributed to Sir Sidney Colvin's weakness rather than to his strength that on his retirement from the post of Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum he should find himself the subject merely of a mild chorus of conventional praise. He has reaped the official rewards of an official life. When he was created a knight a few years ago he took a naïve pleasure in this official decoration, to which he never pretended to be superior, and a somewhat childish satisfaction in his title, which is characteristic of the most attractive side of his nature and is in wholesome contrast to the attitude of those official persons who affect to despise the honours which they have sedulously cultivated. Now, on his retirement, the exhibition of drawings at the British Museum has been made the occasion for the almost automatic journalistic tributes that greet the passing of a little monarch from a little kingdom. No one will grudge Sir Sidney Colvin a proper satisfaction in these tributes, which he has worked for as faithfully as he has deserved them; and it is without any reservation that we salute him on his departure from official, and wish him well upon his resumption of private, life.

His has been the typical career of a man who, with much intelligence, an excellent education, a cultivated taste, an aptitude for petty administration, a genuine conscience for work upon his own affairs, and a certain busybody, benevolent activity in the affairs of others, has steered a safe and useful course through life, rendering people services in a manner likely to establish a claim upon their services if the occasion should arise; and also, be it remembered, doing many active kindnesses of a quite disinterested nature. He was never a man given to independent progress, nor one who travelled in untrodden ways. In the various ships of enterprise which he has boarded through life he has shown a preference for those of much tonnage and safe, comfortable equipment, and has more often been a passenger than a member of the crew. At the age of twenty-three he was already a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and he remained more or less under the shelter of that University, of which his mental and personal characteristics are remarkably typical, until he resigned the Slade Professorship at the age of forty. His work has been critical rather than creative; he early constituted himself a kind of human footnote to various arts and various persons; he has greatly commingled himself with the lives of some famous men; and very wisely, when he found the younger generation overtaking and passing him, he caught hold of its tails, and so has been carried on in life for a somewhat greater distance than his own pedestrian powers would have brought him.

With this instinct for travelling without a ticket, so to speak, has gone a very amiable merit: that he has always really liked and cultivated the society of people in the world of letters and art to which he belonged, and has not employed the advantages which his position and seniority gave him to cultivate the merely social and empty world. It is one of the faults of English literary and artistic life that it has no very real social existence; that people who climb into prominent positions make haste to escape from it and to ally themselves with the official and social world, with the result that there are comparatively few points of meeting for those whose work is with the intellectual and artistic affairs of life rather than with the meaningless commo-



tion of activities that constitutes the ordinary stuff of metropolitan society. Sir Sidney Colvin's house at the British Museum has for years been one of the few genuine social centres in London for people interested in art and letters; and the fact that such people do not really like meeting each other, and often prefer to mingle with more amusing, if less cultivated, circles, makes it the more creditable that Sir Sidney and Lady Colvin should have established and maintained something in the nature of a genuine salon.

Although he is not far short of seventy, Sir Sidney Colvin is by no means an old man. His fresh complexion and kindling eye and copious and energetic utterance are characteristic of the success by which men of his somewhat neuter talents preserve youth of mind and memory at an age when men with more strenuous and productive powers are waning towards dimness and extinction of personality. Sir Sidney Colvin has lived a simple life, and loves, and has preserved a clean palate for, simple pleasures; he is very much the opposite of what is meant by the word "vulgar". With simplicity goes constancy; and one of his most attractive qualities is his loyalty and constancy to his real friends. One would guess that, apart from the many people he has cultivated in the shallow waters of expediency and from his love of influence, the history of his friendships is that they have been few and deep. Romance has touched him lightly, but very prettily; and when at the age of fifty-eight, after years of friendship, he married Mrs. Sitwell, who shared with him the devotion of Robert Louis Stevenson, an affectionate contemporary said wittily that "she had made an honest man of him".

The mention of Stevenson brings one to a name through which Sir Sidney Colvin will be known to generations who will never read his essays on Art, or so much as remember what it was that he did in those five-and-twenty years at the British Museum. It has been said, though not quite fairly, that Sir Sidney Colvin cultivated Stevenson to such an extent as to damage him in the eyes of the public, who were so tired of Colvin in the character of *fidus Achates* that they were in danger of growing tired of Stevenson also. This is not just. No doubt Stevenson's friendship for Colvin did much to make the older man conspicuous and procure for him that attention from literary men which he has so much appreciated and so busily used. But it must be remembered that long before Stevenson was in a position to be of use to Colvin, Colvin was in a position to help Stevenson; and that it was his discernment and love for that obscure, uncouth, and fascinating young man that moved him to be his friend and helper. In those days it did not seem likely that Stevenson would live long enough to make a name; and since Stevenson cannot say it for himself (and with what emphasis he would say it if he could!) it is the duty of any commentator on this friendship to assert emphatically that it was an entirely good and inspiring and helpful thing for Stevenson; and that without the brotherly hand which Sir Sidney Colvin held out, his life would have been a much poorer and less fruitful thing than it was. It has been laughingly said of Sir Sidney Colvin that he tried to repeat the history of Stevenson with many of the younger men of the following generation; that, in fact, he sought to confine English literature within a kind of parish, of which he himself was the parson and his house at the British Museum the parish church; and that those who were ambitious of occupying a place in the company were obliged to acknowledge and share Sir Sidney Colvin's estimate of their fellow-parishioners. There is a little truth in this, and some exaggeration; but a fair answer to it might be, that if Sir Sidney Colvin had produced another Robert Louis Stevenson by these or any other methods no one would have minded how often he repeated them, or how much innocent satisfaction he derived from being the author of another man's success.

And if his besetting weakness is an ambition to acquire influence through helping other men to succeed—well, one has heard of many other ambitions that are

less worthy and respectable than that. But Robert Louis Stevenson is Sir Sidney Colvin's *chef d'œuvre*; and on that laurel he may confidently rest.

## A NEW PLAY OF THE IRISH PLAYERS.

By JOHN PALMER.

THE Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays is bound by statute to prohibit the performance of a play whenever "he shall be of opinion that it is fitting for the preservation of good manners, decorum, or of the public peace so to do". Moreover, it is his historical duty to keep from the stage all plays controversially political. It will therefore gratify the distinguished signatories of the petition against censorship that has this week been forwarded to the Home Office to notice that in licensing Mr. Lennox Robinson's "Patriots", presented for the first time in London on Monday evening last,\* the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner has virtually abdicated. Unhappily their gratification will be necessarily chastened on reflecting that the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner, though as in the case of Mr. Robinson's play he is frequently willing to keep well within the letter of his duties, invariably maintains in his decisions a beautiful, if unstable, equilibrium. If you find him in a gentle, just and reasonable mood to-day, you will be sure to find him in a savage, tyrannical and unreasonable mood to-morrow. If there be any aspiring young dramatist who thinks of emulating Mr. Robinson, he should solemnly be warned that the Lord Chamberlain's licensing of "Patriots" is not a precedent. There are no precedents; and the Lord Chamberlain invariably confiscates the property of any dramatic author insolent enough to assume that he is bound in his decisions by law, custom, tradition, logic, or common sense.

"Patriots" is cramful of politics. Moreover, the politics are Irish politics; and an Irish Home Rule Bill has this week entered Committee. The Lord Chamberlain might very reasonably have argued that the public peace would very seriously be imperilled by the performance of an Irish political play at a moment when Irish political feeling is supposed to be standing at fever-heat. A reasonable person might reasonably assume that Irish audiences which time and again have broken out into flat riot at performances of "The Playboy of the Western World" were likely to go raving mad at a performance of "Patriots". But it is one of the strongest arguments against a censorship of plays prior to production that no reasonable person can possibly tell in advance what the effect of a given play upon a given audience is likely to be. No one could have guessed in advance that Synge's "Playboy" would afflict an Irish audience as heaven afflicted Ajax, unless it were some one cynically persuaded that an Irish audience necessarily goes mad whenever it hears the truth. On the other hand, many might reasonably have expected trouble last Monday evening. But alas! Monday evening, 10 June 1912, will go down to history as one of the few historic occasions when a meeting mainly of Irish people missed the opportunity for a good row. The few ardent Nationalist politicians who happened to be there—chiefly in the gallery—were so amicably disposed that they preferred wilfully to misunderstand the play and to applaud in the wrong places than to rise in wrath and dudgeon to the practical necessities of the situation.

James Nugent was a "patriot" of the sort that maimed bullocks and committed necessary murder in the days before Land Purchase and the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. Necessary murder pulled him up short in the patriotic work of driving the English from Ireland; and for eighteen years James Nugent was laid by the heels in prison, knowing nothing of what was going on in Ireland in the meantime. Emerging from prison he immediately wanted to know all about politics from the local branch of the Patriotic

\* Mr. Robinson's play is already published. "Patriots". By Lennox Robinson. Dublin: Maunsell. 1s. net.

League. How have they carried on the work during those eighteen years? Are the people armed? Where are the swords and rifles? Poor James Nugent! All that the League can show him is a list of lectures for the ensuing session—Through the Apennines with a Camera, Old Irish Newspapers etc. For Ireland has been growing fat, and the League has fitted itself with the time. James Nugent, who went to gaol a national hero, emerges to find himself a village lunatic. No matter, says James Nugent, I will begin all over again. But Nugent's townsmen prefer moving pictures to political meetings. Moreover, Nugent's wife has one of the most flourishing and best conducted grocery shops in the district; and she sees clean through the wicked political nonsense which made of her at twenty-six the grey-haired mother of a crippled child. There is a short, sharp struggle; and James Nugent, patriot, is harshly broken to the truth of his position.

Mr. Robinson's new play is not so good as "Harvest". He has a fine idea; and has worked it out very successfully up to a point. The characters are roughly but well drawn—especially the patriot himself, where Mr. Robinson has succeeded in the very difficult task of putting him miserably in the wrong, and yet enabling us to admire the fiery idealism of the man, and to feel the tragedy of his situation. But the play is the work of a writer whose imagination is not yet working at full pressure, and whose craftsmanship is quite elementary. Mr. Robinson is imaginatively gifted. Frequently there are touches of character carefully observed and beautifully expressed, and a keen realisation of dramatic effect, which show that it is well within the author's capacity to rise considerably above the level of his present achievements. But there is yet only the merest hint of Mr. Robinson's capacity for really great work. There are long scenes and speeches of the new play which have clearly not been imaginatively felt or seen. As to craftsmanship, Mr. Robinson wants practice rather than instruction. Thus he has realised how extremely important from the craftsman's point of view is the effective distribution of light and shade. But at present his distribution is almost entirely mechanical. The sudden introduction of Mr. Sinclair's clever farcical study of the patriot's brother into the tense and terrible scene of tragedy of the last act is extremely ill-done. Mr. Robinson has attempted and failed to do what Shakespeare did perfectly in "Macbeth". The sureness of Shakespeare's touch in his wonderful scene of the Porter in "Macbeth", and in innumerable like scenes of his greater tragedies, is never so clearly realised as when we find a rash, inferior hand attempting mechanically to apply the formula. Mr. Robinson defeats the climax of his tragedy, where Shakespeare enhances it.

The acting of the Irish Players is not so good as it was a year ago. Perhaps it is the voyage to America. In Lady Gregory's "The Jackdaw" the best remembered passages are to-day more heavily scored than they were. I am not quite sure; but it seemed to me on Monday evening that Mr. Sinclair in his quest of birds had contrived to get himself more thoroughly disfigured with flour and water than he used to do. I will not attempt to conceal from Mr. Sinclair that he will be much more popular with the crowd if—to put it figuratively—he regularly spills two bags of flour and two cans of water over himself instead of one bag of flour and one can of water; and that he will certainly be encouraged in this direction by the public and the press. But I warn him very solemnly that his best friends and his first admirers will be terribly and justly angry.

#### PARIS:

#### FOURTEEN THOUGHTS ON PRESENT DISCONTENTS.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

I. **S**TERNE it was, certainly, who did the most to impress the English with an idea of French gaiety, and his testimony is worth much, for I am firmly convinced that he was a melancholy man; but shortly after his death the celebrated water-tax collector

Lillyvick, having seen the French prisoners on the pontoons, openly contradicted his statements and confirmed his own impression by a valuable philological argument—pointing out that water in French sounds like lo! This fact is recorded by Charles Dickens, who, believing like Sterne in French cheerfulness, is a trustworthy witness.

II. We should never judge the degree of cheerfulness of a nation by the expression of the faces we see in the streets. If you take the trouble to notice how many people walk by themselves in the streets, you will be surprised to find that they are an overwhelming proportion. Now a very lark flying by itself to cover or to whatever aerial business it may have looks melancholy to even a flock of geese pecking by the roadside. Robinson Crusoe never looked cheerful. See the people in their homes.

III. A concierge is an unpleasantness until you find that you need the plumber. Then he becomes a joy, going himself seventeen times on the fruitless errand. He certainly reads your postcards as he takes them upstairs, but the postman and at least three postal clerks have read them before him: why don't you mind them?

IV. Be very much on your guard against crafty Normand or Breton servants, who, finding out that you are English or American, tell you that they had rather be English than Parisians or even French. I am afraid that they laugh at you in their sleeves when you explain to them that ethnologically they are Kelts or Scandinavians, and consequently free from any French taint. Don't you find out afterwards that these servants are all—with one exception—dishonest?

V. Honesty and dishonesty have nothing to do with cheerfulness. I was once cheated by a very mournful Irishman, and another time on a boat on the lake of Como by the pleasantest Italian waiter you ever saw. I pointed out his mistake, and his face looked pleasanter still.

VI. Whenever in a foreign country you find yourself in presence of a crowd "whose tense, livid faces scowl at you and seem to breathe hatred, bitterness and resentment", keep away at all costs, for goodness' sake. You may find out in another moment that lunatics have broken out of an asylum, or you may witness the storming of the Bastille.

VII. Also do not expect much drawing-room manners from the poor passengers in the Metro. They are not happy there, and they have no notion that you are studying them. It is not so very long ago that a distinguished barbarian who had elected Paris as his place of residence, Herr Heinrich Heine, took a barbarian's delight in knocking up against the natives on the footpath on purpose, to hear, as he put it, "the music of the apologies"; but this was certainly before the tubes and motor buses.

VIII. Do not take books too much into account when you are trying to make up your mind about people. Melchior de Vogüé may have written "Le Roman Russe" to cure the French of their pessimism and to infuse cheerfulness into them, but I have known M. de Vogüé and I can assure Mr. Forman that he was no cheerful man, though he was a most impressive man, and "Le Roman Russe" is no cheerful book either. Besides, literature needs constant watching. It is a fact that in the days of Flaubert and the world-famed and once world-admired Zola, literature was despondent and depressing, but in the last ten years it has shifted to the brave and plucky and bright, and the aforesaid Flaubert and Zola are mentioned very disrespectfully even by ex-Dreyfusists. Even the French stage is changing. It is becoming once more lucid and gay and even so moral that Peruvians and Brazilians will lose all the interest which made them flock to our theatres. But you must remember that the theatre is slow-moving, and the plays which are written now may only be acted when you have forgotten all about French evolution.

IX. The A B C of moral philosophy is never to expect too much from things, and, above all, not to want to get everything out of them at once. Other-

wise you get surfeited or disappointed. Paris does provide a great deal of ready-made gaiety, but it does not believe in it, and unless you go home soon enough not to find it out, or stay long enough to find out that it has better things, you go away in disgust.

X. European literature has been too long full of indiscriminate praise of France as the caterer to universal craving after amusement. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse had a great deal of wit, but when the old lady—what was her name?—told her to get up and come forward and be witty for the company she resented it. I would respectfully remind people that the picturing France as a ballet dancer of little clothing and less brains is a crude imagination unworthy of knowledge and culture. Walpole would have described her at least as a pretty marquise and Hamilton as a very great lady indeed. Another familiar image is that of a soldier who made some figure in history. Now, neither marquises nor soldiers are constantly on the giggle.

XI. What does one mean, after all, by a gay town? The English word is amphiglossical, and we had better ask what is *une ville gaie*? Its character as a more or less cheering town is not to be confused, one ought to remember, with the disposition of its inhabitants. Is there a more melancholy-looking place than Venice? Hundreds of people have gone there purposely to intoxicate themselves with sadness. But I think they have had to shut their eyes upon a great deal which is not at one with pensive canals and decayed architectures. To me Venice is incredibly more cheerful than Nice; why? because the gondoliers and the urchins whom smiling grandmothers hold in leash floating on the canals, and the poor people in the Merceria and the rich or rich enough people who eat gelati outside the Café Florian, all look ready to enjoy themselves, and the old queen city has always something—a little, never much—to give them. On the other hand, I do not think there are anywhere gayer people than the Americans. Why then is New York so oppressively sad? because nothing in it means happy laziness or invites it. Perhaps if there were seats in the Avenues, and the minor parks were not so like flower pots, and there were a few café terraces in Fifth Avenue with people drinking there—without being always at the moment of saying the life-poisoning phrase “down town”—New York would look as cheerful as its inhabitants are bright. Now it is a fact that Paris has a happy appearance of its own which it owes to its situation as much as to the work of ages, and would remain as inviting if all the Parisians were suddenly replaced by as many Chinamen. The river—the dear old familiar serviceable and yet elegant Seine with its quays, bridges and trees—the skies you see over the Tuileries and never seem to see anywhere else; the houses on the quays with the Pont-Neuf and Notre-Dame in the background, which Turner painted in full consciousness of the joy emanating from them; the numberless vistas which show you such objects as the Louvre, Notre-Dame, the Panthéon or at present the Sacré-Cœur on the Montmartre hill: all these things have the balance and detaining beauty which slacken the pace of life and tend at once to make it worth living. What else do you ask of a town? Never expect the stones to laugh.

XII. Beautiful gardens are beautiful, but they are not often joy-inspiring. If you feel sad and depressed, the Luxembourg Garden will make you feel ten times worse. Yet a great many French people in the Luxembourg and Tuileries seem happy, and that speaks for their freedom from melancholy.

XIII. Some people say that he who never saw the Champs Elysées during the Second Empire when they looked like a stream of luxury and beauty never knew the joy of living in Paris. But I say that he who did not feel deeply and intensely happy sitting on the top of the three sous 'bus and jogging along, not the boulevards, but the quaint old streets near the Jardin des Plantes, glorying at the thoughts that he was only spending three sous and doing nothing and seeing so many poor people doing nothing or doing leisurely

what little they had to do never could understand Paris well.

XIV. It is difficult to uproot a well-established error, and it is not easy to shake a well-established truth. I feel like a soldier in an impregnable fortress.

#### ARCHAISM AND ACADEMICIANS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

A WALL of grey limestone; about half-way down the flattened symbol of a man jutting out, his left shoulder engaged in the grey wall, his right arm lying back upon his thigh. His chest and ribs and abdomen are flat and formless; he is prone, with legs slightly bent, as though swimming. His face, a flattened, pointed oval, cranes forward with pouting sensual lips, like those of Millais' monk in the “Escaping Heretic”; the vague eyes have a swollen, bruised appearance. On his head an erection that suggests something Egyptian, bearing in front little mysterious bas-reliefs of grotesque figures, a Buddha it seems in the centre. Along his horizontal back, like a massive stone chest, lies a vast incalculable weight of wings. This great square block, with lines ruled parallel along its length, seems to crush the swimmer down; one wonders when its enormous tonnage will tear away from the wall and drop, thrusting down before it the prone figure whose long flattened length now hangs out shelf-like from the wall. Low on the wall, slightly to the left, “Oscar Wilde” is graved in rather weak lettering.

I do not know if Mr. Epstein thinks that by *raisonné* archaism he has caught the spirit of Greek, Egyptian or Chartres Cathedral sculpture. It would be idle criticism to remark that inasmuch as it is worked with a sense of material, his “Oscar Wilde” is more satisfactory than filigree stone work. What rather concerns one is the deliberate obviousness of this sense; it is as though Mr. Epstein were naïvely triumphant at having discovered that stone demands another treatment than silver, and that primitive sculptors observed this necessary distinction. The Chartres Prophets are permanently enhancing because they express the utmost perception and the utmost subtlety of interpretation possible to the twelfth and thirteenth century artists, who observed the nature of their material simply and unostentatiously, too concerned in expressing life to advertise self-consciousness. Mr. Epstein on the other hand would be the first to explain that of course he really can model a head or torso much more like Nature than are those of his “Oscar Wilde”. He would probably go on to explain that of course such fidelity would not do; he might even have thought so little for himself as to point to primitive art as an exemplar. The simple fact however is that until our living artists have discovered how to express the very utmost they perceive and feel without outraging the nature of their material they are doomed to vacillate between academic archaism and Burlington House prettiness. It is obvious that if a sculptor perceives large qualities and inner subtleties, his execution will be large and incommunicably vital. If he sees little obvious facts, his execution will be petty; it is all a matter of perception. But if he supposes that execution wilfully inferior to his utmost ability is more important than life expression and will solve the secret of the primitives and gain their immortality, he must be disappointed of his hope.

Ignorant of the site this “Oscar Wilde” will have in Père La Chaise, I will not dwell upon the curious view one gets from the left; we must suppose that such a point of view will not be possible. On the other hand, it seems to me that massing the weight in these wings which, powerless to lift their wearer that he may soar, a liberated spirit, seem to crush him down, is a fundamental error in construction that nullifies the idea of flight and swift independence. For after all, unless a symbol expresses the character of the quality or object it stands for, it is futile and superstitious.

When we read that a portrait by Mme. Vigée Lebrun



has "fetched" nearly £18,000, we naturally cry "How long!", and I fervently sympathise with the indignation of neglected living painters. For here is a case of pretty worthlessness valued at about thirty times the price of an incomparably superior high-priced modern picture. Our consolation must reside in the certainty that buyers of such things at such prices will ultimately be left by the receding tide. Indeed one often speculates on the ultimate value of all academic painters, as for example Rubens. He is in for a much longer career than Mme. Lebrun, because his mastery of craft is very high. None the less he is, in countless instances, an academician. I suppose the Rubens sketches in the Dowdeswell Exhibition would reach high prices in the market; many of them are capital examples; two or three one would like to live with because they communicate a sense of subtilty perceived, and life experienced. Like those of most non-professional landscape painters, his rare landscapes have a special quality of enjoyment, a special vision not expressed by authentic paysagistes. The landscape in the "Romulus and Remus" sketch has this wistful vision of beauty dwelling on the marshy levels and in the hills that rise into delicate dreamlike light. One sees at once that landscape was a hobby, a charming relaxation to the master manufacturer of "decorations". Thus he found a little peace in which to discover life. In his greatest pictures he discovers a zestful superficial life and expresses now light, now colour, now a candid animal joie de vivre with the enthusiasm of a painter who loves line and pigment. But how many others, pictures and sketches, show us nothing but a bored master arranging and rearranging groups and postures; putting people into academic attitudes only struck by ranting actors, and expected before we look at them. No easy skill of handling (so often much too easy), no delicious play of pearl and silver light, as in the "Esther and Ahasuerus", will make these Rubens' desirable to an age whose interest will be concentrated on vitality in art and not on content-less execution. How soon this interest will be universal I do not know; but we can look back across a little space to see Guercino, Parmigiano, Guido and the rest fetching their eighteen thousand pounds. They cut poorer figures now, as must Mme. Vigée before long, for she has no sort of mastery to hang by, and no perception of vitality.

Perception seems to me the strangest part of painters: the things they see, the things they do not see. With how many of their brother artists would they like to exchange vision? Do many pictures really satisfy thoughtful painters, or do they miss qualities in the pictures that they themselves would have seen in Nature? And how many of their own pictures express to us what they see in them? It is elusive. Of course there is no absolute perception or truth, and what may seem to another superficial may seem to its author very penetrating. Take for example Mr. W. von Glehn's vision of sunlight in "New England" at the New English Art Club, and compare it with Mr. Steer's "Music Room" now in the Tate, or Paul Sandby's wonderfully delicate and brilliant atmosphere seen in his drawings exhibited at the British Museum. I wonder if Mr. von Glehn privately wishes he could see sunlight as Mr. Steer's, or does he find Mr. Steer's vision lacking in "snap" and smartness? Can a painter paint as he would, or must he paint as he can? I suppose he must abide by what he perceives and go on hoping to see more, not less. Mr. Sargent's sunlight has the same glittering crystalline quality as Mr. von Glehn's; I am sure the facts stated by him are accurately stated, to the best of his ability. Mr. Steer, as accurately as he can, states quite different facts also, and we must decide which set of facts is the less obvious. Mr. Steer's "Woodland Scene" is an example of subtilty perceived in the slightest things; no other painter would give us the depth and values of the leafy foreground and the distant stream like this.

Mr. Lamb has come in for pretty general criticism on the score of pose; his "Phantasy" in especial is detected in the very act of insincerity. No one can really know as Mr. Lamb himself; it is very difficult

to be just in such criticisms, for critics are bound as tightly as painters by their capacity for perception. I do not suppose Mr. Lamb made a sketch on Hampstead Heath for this curious creation of primæval man. I cannot certify that these lithe furtive creatures are biologically correct; but they intimately communicate to me the wild spirit of an early world, where men were less detached from savage Nature, and nothing but their senses, their swiftness and their cunning minds maintained them above their brother animals. But for a weak line or two this is an unusually fine design; and as creation of types the horse and the crouching man seem to me conclusive evidence of experience expressed.

Mr. Currie, in his obscure joke, No. 138, directly challenges comparison with primitive painters. Millais and Hunt, when they did this, took great pains with their medium, earnestly trying to recover a beautiful quality of paint and line. Mr. Currie's use of pigment is not pleasing, and his line is hesitant. I do not think his portraits have vital character, and certainly his colour is not agreeable. One might call his work consciously sincere. Mr. Savage's, on the other hand, has an unconscious sincerity; his "Deposition" is a promising "early period" example, based on such sound principles as were Rembrandt's first experiments. Rembrandt's "Merchant at a Window", pausing at Messrs. Knoedler's en route for America, finds itself in company with the "Palma Velazquez". The experts vouch for the latter's authenticity; none would ever question the Rembrandts. Judged by our "Philip IV." this earlier Velazquez is uninspiring; the Rembrandt is unforgettable. When they painted these pictures (which one should not compare), the Spaniard was about forty-five, the Dutchman fifty-two.

#### SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT is different from any other afternoon; it has a different melancholy; as different from the dire and squalid gloom of Saturday afternoon as Sunday, which I always think of as showing a glossy black amid the spectroscopic of the days, is different from the pale yellow ochre of Saturday. The sense of Sunday will be one of the last things to die in a race that has sat under the shade of Puritanism, and even those people who have never observed the rites of any religion are subject to strange recurring qualms every seventh day, and will be pricked by the desire to do something on that day which is different from their ordinary occupations. It needs no bell or calendar to tell the Anglo-Saxon that it is Sunday; and even if he has forgotten it for the first few hours of the day, it will find him out towards three o'clock in the afternoon. On ships far out at sea, on the burning sands of the desert, on the wide African veldt, in trains storming across the continents, men are every week suddenly remembering that it is Sunday afternoon. I do not know how it may be with others, but with me the sensation is a depressing one. In fact the whole week-end is a very dangerous time. Things which would be grasshoppers on Monday or Wednesday become burdens on Saturday or Sunday. The attack sets in with acute symptoms early on Saturday afternoon, when in certain quarters of any town there is a change in the note of the traffic, a kind of empty resonance in which the dreadful clangour of the barrel-organ echoes unchecked. You remember that it is Saturday afternoon, and therefore a rest for hundreds of thousands of toiling people, and you ought to be happy at the thought; but somehow the thought does not make you happy. Then is the time that I am first threatened with panic. What am I doing this afternoon and this evening, and to-morrow afternoon and to-morrow evening? A chasm separates me from Monday, when the wheel of life will begin to turn again; and if no one has thrown a bridge for me across it I am certain to be engulfed.

That there is something universal in these symptoms is shown by the pains people have taken to relieve them; even for people who do not go to church there remains

the instinct to do something regularly on Sundays. Hence the Sunday concert, which for so many people fills the unconfessed but none the less uncomfortable gap left by a cessation of public devotional ceremonies. The audiences at the Queen's Hall and the Albert Hall on Sunday afternoons are not audiences so much as congregations. They have the demeanour of congregations, and they are congregations of a different religious persuasion. Queen's Hall is inclined to be High Church; the Albert Hall is undoubtedly Low Church; indeed, the appearance of the pavement outside after the concert is over, black with a multitude of respectable people who have finished digesting a heavy dinner and are going home to eat a heavy tea, is like that outside some vast temple of dissent. But there the analogy ends; the music inside is happily free from any taint of the atmosphere which it is meant to relieve; and for thousands of people in London there is at least one hour in which Sunday afternoon is robbed of its terrors.

Yet even here one is in continual danger of the black dog. The mere fact that one so often sits in a certain place on Sunday afternoon and hears certain music becomes dangerous for the music. What if one were to associate it definitely with Sunday afternoons? Its charm and beauty would be gone; it would merely call up in one's mind visions of the Albert Memorial or Langham Place, the frock coats that still seem to linger in the fashions of the Albert Hall congregations, and the unbridged gulf between now and Monday morning. But happily the music resists these dread influences, partly because at both concerts it is so extremely well chosen. I do not know whether they are aware of it, but the compilers of these programmes have an infinitely more difficult task than they have when they make programmes for any other concerts. Are they aware of what they have to fight against? Does Sir Henry Wood ever say to himself "This will do for Wednesday evening, but it will never do for Sunday afternoon"? Consciously or unconsciously, I think he must; because although his programmes have nearly always the spirit of afternoon, they never have the spirit of Sunday afternoon.

And what is this spirit? In my case, I am pretty sure that one reason for its depressing influence is that my childish memories of Sunday afternoon are chiefly memories of things forbidden. In the country especially, by the sea, my childish impression was generally that Sunday afternoon was a time terribly wasted. It seems always, moreover, to have been absurdly fine; the rain might pour or a gale blow on Saturday night or Monday morning, but the Sundays of my childhood seem always to have been of a superlative beauty, steeped in sunshine and stillness—days perfectly adapted for doing all the pleasant things forbidden on Sundays. I remember coming out of church and finding the tide brimming up to an unwonted height, the sea like glass, and the stones of the shore visible through the green water to a depth of several feet; the boats dreaming uselessly at their moorings, and all the little creeks and coves among the rocks, navigable only at high water of spring tides, perforce unvisited by my exploring keel. To Sunday afternoon also seems to belong that memory of the great heat stored up in the woodwork of a boat lying on the beach, and of the unwonted feeling of treading on the shifting pebbles on the beach in patent-leather Sunday shoes. The feeling, moreover, that a wet rope was a thing that might damage or soil one's clothes was a feeling entirely associated with Sunday. My further grudge against these summer Sundays of long ago is that on those days I was a child ravished from my sea pursuits and forced to inland occupations; obliged to contemplate the flowers in walled gardens, and take walks over rolling turf and amid groves of trees from which not even a view of the sea could be obtained. Church I accepted as inevitable and (granted the necessity of going there at all) not without interests of its own; but the waste of the sunshine and the high tide out of doors was a thing that seemed unreasonable and unjustifiable. It is curious how false one's memory may be: for as in my recollection the Sundays were always fine, so was the tide always brim-high about one

o'clock—a thing impossible in nature. And I remember no Sunday afternoon which had that empty feeling, caused by the tide being low and the shore ugly with misshapen and unfamiliar seaweeds, that made even the sea distasteful during week-day hours.

But I am grateful for the rule which obliged me to do different things on Sundays from what I did on other days. I cannot help thinking that the modern fashion of allowing children to do only what they like is a bad one: for there are many things which children are glad in after years to have done, which they would never do of their own choice and initiative. Among these, perhaps, the restrictions of Sunday and the apparent waste of its golden afternoons may be counted. Something still and shining hovers on the horizon of memory where they lie; something that punctuated and divided life, solemnly perhaps, but simply and not unhappily. I was reminded of it when I saw in a visitors' book in a little inn in Cornwall the verses in which Professor Blackie had sung the praises of Mary Munday's hospitality enjoyed by him in that little cottage inn that lies between Mullion Church and the sea: a place half hidden in the angle of the road, where the church dreams in a peace as of the eternal Sabbath, and no rumour or drift of spray from the shouting sea ever reaches the sheltered graveyard.

"And I advise you all to hold

By the well-tryed things that are good and old,

Like this old house of Munday;

The old church and the old inn,

And the old way to depart from sin

By going to church on Sunday."

Certainly the Carlton and the Albert Hall are poor substitutes.

#### THE CARDINAL'S VILLA.

BY ARTHUR HAYWARD.

A HUNDRED years ago time ceased within the walls of the ruined villa. Across the waste of the Campagna, in those distant white palaces of Rome, the world has hurried on, but here, amongst the silent alleys of cypress and ilex, life has sunk into a sleep as placid as that of death. Since the days of the great Cardinal who built the villa and loved to wander in its gardens, none but peasants from the neighbouring village have intruded upon the dignity of its neglect. Its fountains half choked with weed, its terraces almost as green as the unkempt patches that once were lawns, its marble statues half shrouded in small-leaved ivy—nothing has been touched since the great Prelate was laid to rest in the little church without the walls. Five times a day the tram comes up from Rome, shrieking and groaning on its rails as it ascends the steep hillside, and each time it stops to rest, as it were, a little higher up, hordes of tourists flock into the parish church and stare impudently at the marble figure of the Cardinal, who, mitre on head, leans on his elbow and surveys them with calm indifference. His name and deeds have long since been woven into the history of Europe, but here he rests, close to the villa and its sunny garden where his happiest hours were spent.

Not even the withered old contadina who sits at the church door, holding out her shrivelled hand for soldi, and who claims to remember Pope Leo XII., can remember the Cardinal's house being opened. The windows are closely shuttered and barred, the doors are so hidden by ivy that only with difficulty can they be discovered, and not a crack can be found through which the most curious eye may peep. A hundred years ago or more the place was closed for the last time; an old retainer pulled the great door to, and so shut up the house for ever. Even the key has long since disappeared.

Standing at the head of the marble stairway which leads up to the great doors, one sees the whole of the garden to where it slopes to the Great Terrace overlooking the Campagna. The vivid blue of two fish-ponds instantly attracts the attention, and from the foot of the steps a cypress-walled pathway leads directly

to the larger of them. In the burning months of summer the Cardinal would pace up and down beside these ponds every morning, reading his classics and composing Latin verse. So fine was his Latinity that the Holy Father granted him permission to recite the daily office in Greek, lest the ill-turned phrases of the Breviary should corrupt the elegance of his style. Stone benches, long since covered with moss, show where his secretaries sat, patiently taking down the words as they fell from his lips; and here and there amongst the bushes are marble figures, now all stained with green, of the gods of that old dead world which he loved so well.

Leaving the fish-ponds and walking towards the Terrace, a narrow path branches off to the right, winding in and out by little lawns and past half-stagnant fountains, ending at last in an open space, now almost overgrown with weeds. In the centre is the miniature replica of a Greek temple, just large enough to allow the Cardinal to sit at ease within its shade and read his book amidst the vine-covered columns. A little stream still chatters noisily past this summer-house, being spanned by a narrow bridge modelled after the Ponte Milvio at Rome. Once dotted about a trim lawn but now barely poking their heads above the tangled weed and grass, are bronze and marble beasts—horses, deer and dogs—which the quaint taste of that age admired.

A path once followed the course of the stream and, pushing aside the brambles that now sprawl across it, it is still possible to reach the Cascades by this route. With a fall of some fifteen feet the miniature river dashes itself into a fury of froth, making a constant rainbow when the sun is at high noon. In the centre of the marble basin into which it falls is the moss-covered figure of a Triton who once blew a spray from his conch before the Cardinal and his court, but now is silenced for ever. The stream forces its way happily down the hill-side, and after awhile, reinforced by tributaries, winds across the Campagna, to lose itself in the yellow eddies of the Tiber.

Every path in the garden leads at last to the Great Terrace. It is here that one can imagine the Cardinal still walks, pacing to and fro beneath the cypresses and gazing across to where the dome of S. Peter's rises purple against the orange and golden sunset sky. The garden juts out, as it were, against the hill, and from the Great Terrace a massive wall falls thirty or forty feet to the vineyard below. Upon the terrace this wall is breast high, and leaning against it, as the sun is sinking over Rome, the evening light seems to carry with it a thousand memories of the past.

Nothing has changed since the days when the Cardinal watched the twilight gathering over the Campagna. Then, as now, the sound of children's voices and laughter rose up from the vineyards below, the lights began to twinkle one after another in the scattered cottages and huts on the plain, whilst from the winding road far away would be heard the plaintive Roman song of some carter as he set off with his barrels of wine for the great City.

One can picture the old priest looking out over the prospect, thinking and thinking as the earth grew darker, until aroused by the clanging of the bell from the little church close by. Far away from the neighbouring villages, and even from the four hundred churches of distant Rome herself, the soft evening air thrills to the call of the Ave Maria. The Cardinal wraps his cloak around him and slowly retraces his steps to the villa.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### BOLDINI AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Windlestone, Ferry Hill.

SIR,—I see complaints made by Sir Philip Burne-Jones and Sir William Richmond that Boldini's picture of Lady Archibald Campbell is hung in the National Gallery. If the reason is that it is against the rules to hang a living painter, then, Sir, I must agree—for

though I hate rules, and rules are as abominable as principles, yet every Jack in office must shrug his shoulders and support them or be turned out or resign.

But if it is on account of the merits of the picture, then it is a matter of opinion—so long as "there are others"—so long, in fact, as there is a surfeit of, say, Reynolds, Turner, and Landseer. Surely, Sir, you would rather have a Boldini than a Landseer. Nobody can say that Boldini's picture is like a woman, but a Landseer is most terribly like a cow, a maid, and a magpie.

Yours faithfully

WILLIAM EDEN.

JACOB EPSTEIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devonshire Club, S. James' Street,  
27 February 1912.

SIR,—It is not within my province, nor is it my intention to criticise the work of art which is, and will be, subject to the judgment of qualified experts. I can but appreciate the genius that enshrined idea in a low-flying symbol of stone. For a man to be at once a mystic and a realist, an iconoclast and a creator, a stoic and a sensitive, he must be an embodied paradox. Knowing this, we understand that he who wages fierce war against the conception of beauty as the ultimate expression of art should execute a monument to the high-priest of aesthetics. For him art is religion which was from the beginning, which has ever transcended creation, permeating its vision, its purpose and its endeavours, at once quenching and replenishing its fires with resources supplied by infinity. For art he would find a new name—not semi-consciously abused nor subject to those strange fancies of a period which, like to-day, passes with a breath. In this sense posterity can have no claim on art as a material heritage, but would guard it as the Vestal Virgins did the sacred flame, as a living tradition preserved and venerated in the life of man, an ever-vital creative impulse passed on from generation to generation and glorying in sacrifice to the God from whence it sprung.

So to Epstein art is a faith to be rather felt and venerated than to be analysed and explained. For him Vishnu, Buddha, Christ were art made manifest by God in man and through them, in so far as human hands could do the work, stones have broken into song and the world and all that therein is has rejoiced. Regarded in the light of Epstein's teaching it becomes evident that the inspiring monuments of the past could only have been accomplished by human agency under the spell of divine exaltation and fervour; and thus we reach the stage which Epstein marks as a milestone in the journey into the future of mankind. With the ending of the work of the cathedral builders the gates of heaven were well-nigh closed on art as revealed religion. When the Sermon on the Mount was superseded by the dogmas of succeeding centuries a murrain descended and sterilised effort of man to make glad his heart.

The impulse to wealth-getting and material advantage blinded the world to the divine idea which the dogmatic formulas of the Church confined within monastery walls, whose greyness only the sunshine of the cloister garden could relieve. That this faint gleam gave light and life to a Fra Angelico, Epstein would be loth to deny, but he would ask how much of creative energy has been lost to mankind through the tyranny that a plutocratic priesthood fastened on the world. It was, he says, under the influence of this organised deceit, the hypocritical assumption of power by man in the name of God, that the sun of the Renaissance rose and set in an unexampled splendour of barren beauty. It was during this period that creation gave place to design and building to decoration.

The great guilds of craftsmen whose tradition had outlasted the assaults of the dark ages disintegrated and disappeared under the more subtle attack of a civilisation based upon gain as the be-all and upon property as the end-all of existence. After the final disappearance of the guilds lingering tradition was for-



gotten, the organisation of art vanished. The virile constructive ideal demanded sacrifice and a devotional atmosphere to yield its fruit. Thenceforward the conception of art as a bejewelled handmaid of life developed into a degenerate æstheticism which tinged all effort with an obscuring haze of pedantic technicality.

The great enemies of art are, as I read Epstein's view, the great enemies of mankind, for art to him is life eternal transcending and illuminating all mortal things. Formulas and shibboleths are the accursed potsherds he would break in pieces like the gods of Baal. Without art, he cries aloud, we cannot create a new world, and a new world is so badly needed. He would have us open our arms to art, and give to the sons of earth the vision of heaven it alone can reveal. No dusty mummies of a past outlived can avail. We need the strength of present things, and only by that impulse can we beget a new and living tradition.

With museums and galleries he has no sympathy save as watchdogs for the people—in their perpetuation he sees no hope. Where collectors and dilettanti flourish on the pseudo-value of æsthetic property, art cannot live. Art is for the people and for mankind, as much theirs as the air they breathe. Art is not, it never can be, the property of the State, still less of the individual. Art should be in our daily lives as sunshine is—to quicken, to gladden, and to point the way. And how is this to be done but by striking off the fetters, by emancipating ourselves from the thralldom of a convention which translates art into an image that is hung upon a wall, set upon a pedestal, or enclosed in a book?

Jacob Epstein lives for the work that is in him to do while strength lasts—only that it be big work, and with his hands he will hew it out—chisel on stone direct as those long since forgotten carved; men, not machines, who made of Athens and of Rome tremendous halls of history, and in Egypt and Assyria, gods who live to-day. A temple is his dream—to that he'd give his youth and vigour in splendid sacrifice to the unknown and unknowable God of man. By preference on some primeval stretch of English soil—on Salisbury Plain among the Druid-stones; or if not in England, in Scotland or Ireland—carved upon the face of the rocks, towards the illimitable ocean and the setting sun.

Yours truly,

SYDNEY SCHIFF.

#### "MR. MASEFIELD'S POETRY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Burleigh Street W.C.

28 May 1912.

SIR.—In a time which apparently dare not so much as whisper evil of itself it behoves all of us to weigh our words and to refrain from criticism.

Any person versed in the business of the muses has learnt this wisdom—namely to be dumb unless he may speak smooth speech. But there is a point when silence ceases to be golden and becomes criminal. The other week the SATURDAY reviewed the "poems" of Mr. Galsworthy. The notice was doubtless intended to be critical, so far as it went. There is no harm in the fact that it was a notice which would please Mr. Galsworthy and gratify his publisher. Or, seeing what "poets" and publishers are nowadays, perhaps we had better say that it was a notice which could scarcely offend anybody. And yet when it comes to poetry—who should be led to Mr. Galsworthy, or given over to his hands? Roughly, he is no poet, but a rhyming arguer, and an arguer who demonstrably is not on the side of the angels. But the SATURDAY put up no warning, and did nothing that would hold back the innocent or confirm the wise—rather the contrary. We let this pass on the principle that persons who appear to be doing their best should not be shot.

Now comes Mr. J. E. Barton with Mr. Masefield. Mr. Barton is a new voice, and a voice which hails us evidently from the dulcet places.

"It is certain", says Mr. Barton, "that Mr. Masefield's recent poems have not merely tickled the palate of journalists and mild amateurs in verse." This is

the beginning of Mr. J. E. Barton, and likewise the end of him. For what are we to expect of a critic who indulges in statements of so general and popular a nature? Of course we may expect exactly what Mr. J. E. Barton goes on to give us, namely a pretty and vapid theory about coteries. "On the one side", he says, "we hear that the poems are 'great', even 'superb'; on the other, that they outrage the principles of poetry by their matter and debase its coinage by deliberate crudity of expression." In other words, there is a Masefield camp and an anti-Masefield camp—six of one and half-a-dozen of the other—and Mr. J. E. Barton on behalf of the SATURDAY will take the middle common-sense line for us, and everybody will be happy!

To leave Mr. J. E. Barton out of the question and come straight to Mr. Masefield: here is a poem called "The Everlasting Mercy". By its title, and by a quotation from Lydgate set in front, the world is bidden to assume that the poem has some sort of religious bearing. Mr. Masefield bids us expect that high emotions are toward and that we are to see a soul moving on the planes of spirituality. Now, it happens that such a spectacle is exactly what all manner of men at all times and in every age are keen to witness. Nothing is more tremendous, nothing more human, nothing more intimate, nothing more poignant or uplifting. We may reckon it the abiding chance and opportunity of all the poets. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Masefield rushes in regardless of the sanctity of the ground and gives us—what? The autobiography of a lecherous prizefighter with glimpses into the lives of sundry foul people and a vicious attack on the Church and the meanness of village life thrown in. What is more, he treats us throughout the performance to the unclean speech of his principal character, and the rhyme is liberally sprinkled with "hells" and "bloodys" and "damns" from the start almost to the finish. And wherever one turns there are references to illicit love, whoring, bastardy, and so forth.

After wading through seas of filth, Mr. Masefield's prizefighter ultimately "sees the light" and takes feeble hold of a state of mind which realises religion in the terms of ploughing. And on the strength of this miracle, and the free use of the Holy Name, the poem is called "The Everlasting Mercy", sold to all who will buy at half-a-crown a copy, and discussed seriously and without disapproval by the High Church SATURDAY REVIEW.

Secondly, we have "The Widow in the Bye Street". Here again, whether he knows it or not, Mr. Masefield has adjusted his title to the demands of the sentimentally religious public. Coming jump after "The Everlasting Mercy", "The Widow in the Bye Street" is a sweet title, suggestive of further exercises in the pyrotechnic illustration of profound Sunday school truths and calculated to lure on the public appetite to splendid skittles.

And if Mr. Masefield gave the cheap spiritual world a meal in "The Everlasting Mercy" he has certainly offered it a banquet in the "Widow in the Bye Street". Indeed, if he had wanted a plain title for this "poem" he might just as well have called it "The Harlot in the Small Town". The Widow, it is true, is there to do the whining and make the pathos and the piety necessary for the tickling of the nostrils and wetting of the eyes of unthinking if honest Christians. The real burden of the tale, however, lies on the scandalous back of a brutish hobbledohoy who walks naturally into the toils of a lewd, treacherous and scandalous woman.

Now we may read both these so-called poems in cold blood and put them to a simple test. Let us subtract from each work the very commonplace and hackneyed expressions of religious emotion with which both of them are garnished and rounded off, and what remains which would be called "great" even by Mr. Masefield's publishers, or which would be worth discussing over nearly two pages of SATURDAY REVIEW?

The answer is not hard to find.

If we could bring ourselves to Mr. Masefield's view of poetry, religion and commerce we would undertake

to produce, inside a fortnight, two poems similar in length and quality to the "Everlasting Mercy" and the "Widow in the Bye Street" out of the late Dr. Crippen and the beautiful amours of the Baptist minister who has lately been electrocuted in New York. Think of the Masfieldian opportunities offered by the Crippen case—the gay bejewelled Belle, whose name rhymes so handily with Saul Kane's favourite oath! Think of the pages of warm rhyme which could be disjected on the murderer's crossing of the wrinkled Atlantic with his paramour arrayed as a gentle youth, and the ease with which one might get pious verse after pious verse out of "the condemned man" who went bleating lamb-like to his doom. And as for the Baptist minister, he and the pastors who attended him at the last dread moment have left us a whole Masfield poem absolutely ready to hand!

It may be said that this suggestion is brutal, but it is not a whit more brutal than the general trend of Mr. Masfield's two "poems", which may be summed up as brutality, lust and murder done into rhyme and tricked out with Brimmagem religious symbols.

I have no desire to belittle Mr. Masfield. I am neither glad nor sorry about his "success". He has a right to rhyme as he listeth and to publish and sell what he can. I will not even deny to him the title of poet, if he wishes for it.

What I do say is that neither "The Everlasting Mercy" nor the "Widow in the Bye Street" has the smallest claim to consideration as an addition to the stock and substance of English poetry, and that both of them are rhymes which people who read poetry mainly because of any religious bearing it may happen to have will do well to eschew.

The poet's way into John Lydgate's "place biggyd above the sterrys cleer" does not lie through vicious histories rhymed out of "Lloyd's Newspaper".

T. W. H. C.

#### POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Reform Club, Pall Mall S.W.

4 June 1912.

SIR,—May I be allowed to bring the product of a sexagenarian memory into this correspondence? About the time the much-discussed epitaph of Mr. Lowe was composed I was an understrapper in the office of the then Conservative Agent (the late Mr. Markham Spofforth) and consumed by a fervent political fire (not of my master's variety), which involved great interest in all that fell from the political leaders of the time. I could by no means fix the date or the year, but I remember well the advent of the epitaph in question, and my strong impression is it was ascribed, not to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, but to the late Mr. Bernal Osborne.

The story as I have it fixed in (very possibly distorted) tradition is that on some occasion Mr. Lowe was in full swing with a most particularly acrid discourse, in which he alluded to what might be an appropriate epitaph for the subject of his acidulated invective. Upon this Mr. Bernal Osborne decided to try his hand at an impromptu "In Memoriam" of the speaker himself, with the result that he produced the following:

"Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe.  
Where he's gone to, I don't know.  
If to the realms of peace and love,  
Farewell to happiness above;  
If (haply) to a lower level,  
I can't congratulate the devil."

Mark the vitriolic pun "haply"—"happily". I am writing only from memory, but I have repeated these lines on many occasions for very many years, and until I saw Mr. H. D. Ellis' letter in your issue of 25 May, I never heard of the line "Treacherous friend and bitter foe" which he gives as the second line. Having scribbled off the lines, Mr. Osborne passed them about the benches during the remainder of Mr. Lowe's speech, and when the right honourable gentleman sat down they were slipped into

his hand by some "d—d good-natured friend". Instead of showing any resentment, Mr. Lowe was observed to smile most amiably, and to set forthwith to work vigorously on his tablets, a sheet from which was also soon passed about, containing the following Latin version, which has also been for many years a fixture in my memory:

"Continentur hæc in fossa  
Humilis Roberti ossa,  
Sin ad cælum evolvabit,  
Pax in cœlo non restabit,  
Sin ad inferos jacebit  
Diabolum ejus pœnitebit."

The version given by Mr. Ellis (which I note he says was handed to him by Mr. Lowe himself, and about the authenticity of which therefore there can be no mistake) might have been, I suggest, a revised and reconsidered equivalent for what was struck off on the spur of the moment, when the author, grasping the humour of the situation, would, naturally, be inclined to be more "doggy" in his Latin.

There appears to be only one line common to this reminiscence of mine and the verses given to Mr. Ellis, but that seems to me impressive, as the best line of the satire both in English and Latin, "Diabolum ejus pœnitebit" ("I can't congratulate the devil"), and to stamp the two productions as coming from the same source. It may be noted that my traditional Latin version omits all translation of the English "Where he's gone to, I don't know". It is likely enough I may in all these years have forgotten a line, and I have no remembrance of any manuscript. But in the Latin version, by Mr. Gladstone, given by Mr. Jeans in his letter to you, the second line is clearly a free translation of that line—"Qua sit ipse Musa tacet". I should much like to get to the bottom of the mystery. Is there nobody who can put us all right about it?

Yours very obediently,

W. H. EYRE.

#### ITALIAN JUSTICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Tripalle, Crespina, Provincia di Pisa,  
30 May 1912.

SIR,—In a letter to the Editor of the 25th inst., Mr. William Mercer, in expressing his views concerning Italian justice, and, somewhat inconsequently, employing those views as a peg upon which to hang Italians in general, does me the honour of alluding to me as "a blind follower" of the Italian journal "La Tribuna". Mr. Mercer's attitude is a little difficult to understand. Apparently, because of a personal injury inflicted upon him near Naples some forty years ago, for which he has not been able to obtain redress at the hands of Italian justice, he entertains a bitter prejudice against the modern Italian people, and anything which that people does is to him anathema.

If Mr. Mercer will do me the honour of glancing at any of my books, novels or otherwise, dealing with modern Italian life and manners—and especially at the volume I have just written, he will find that I fully agree with him as to the practical non-existence of justice under the present chaotic legal system obtaining in Italy. I should like to assure him, moreover, that in my very severe strictures on Italian methods of justice—or, rather, of injustice—I have merely reproduced opinions expressed to me by Italian lawyers themselves, and that there is, perhaps, no subject upon which Italians of all classes of the community are more agreed than that of the necessity for a complete reformation of their legal procedure. I should have imagined, however, that a gentleman of Mr. Mercer's wide official experience would have been the first to recognise that personal resentment for an injury received forty years ago forms but a sorry basis for attempting to prove that Italian action in Tripoli is one of aggression. If Mr. Mercer has omitted to inform himself as to the causes which compelled the Italian Government to take that action, he will find them amply, and, I may add,

officially stated in my little volume "The Italians of To-day", to which, as he has publicly declared me to be a blind follower of an Italian newspaper, I must in justice to myself call his attention.

Mr. Mercer's letter to your columns contains a paragraph which is somewhat enigmatic. He writes: "Repeatedly and abundantly I have challenged all former Italian detractors" (the italics are mine), "and yet curiously I have never met or discovered any individual who has cared to contradict me in or out of print". It is a little difficult to understand why he should have appealed to Italian detractors to contradict his statements concerning Italians. If, as no doubt he means, he has appealed to those who, like myself, may claim to possess some knowledge of modern Italy and modern Italian home and foreign politics, he can scarcely be surprised if, having no more convincing argument to produce than the fact that forty years ago he received near Naples an injury to his person for which he has not yet obtained legal redress, his wholesale condemnation of Italian national honour has been met by silence. I can assure him, however, that he has only to advance arguments of a more worthy nature in order to obtain the satisfaction he appears to desire.

I am, Sir, etc.,  
RICHARD BAGOT.

#### THE INCOMPETENCE OF PARENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 June 1912.

SIR,—I should like to ask your correspondent, Miss Ada Shurmer, on what grounds she asserts that "it is true that most mothers cannot rear babies, but it is also true that unmarried women can and do, and that unmarried men are more judicious trainers than fathers". It is impossible to deny the appalling ignorance which exists among the working-class mothers of this country, or that great and good work to reduce it is being done by capable and unselfish men and women.

Miss Ada Shurmer, however, implies that the ignorance, and consequently the failure, of the mothers in rearing their children lies in the fact that they are mothers—and the success of those who are fighting against infant mortality in the fact that they are not. Surely knowledge, and the absence of it, are the reasons for success and failure respectively.

In reply to Miss Ada Shurmer's assertion that unmarried men are more judicious trainers than fathers, I can only say that it strikes me as somewhat unprecedented. A man's capacity for judiciously training the young is surely a matter of character and experience, and if experience is admitted, it is the married man who will prove himself most efficient.

Yours etc.,  
I. M. A.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall S.W.,  
10 June 1912.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Miss Ada Shurmer, writing on "The Incompetence of Parents", has rightly drawn attention to the ignorance of mothers, who frequently have no idea of how to bring up a child. So much for the children of the poor and their mothers. I entirely agree, but would go a step further and ask, "What about the children of the rich and their fathers?" Too often a child of well-to-do parents on reaching maturity (and long afterwards) finds itself overshadowed by the incredible heartlessness and lack of sympathy shown by a self-willed father, who, not content with having lived his own life, tries to dictate to his children how they are to live theirs. Nor can these be considered isolated cases, for how could such grim plays as "Milestones" and "Rutherford and Son" draw such large audiences if they did not appeal to a pretty large section of the public? It is idle to exhort

men to make themselves independent. That is usually what they are trying to do, but a public school education does not teach a man to earn a living at an early age, nor does it as a rule pretend to do so. And if it is difficult for an educated man to make himself independent, I can imagine it must be well-nigh hopeless for a woman. I enclose my card, and remain,

Yours faithfully,  
THIRTY.

#### "THE UNPUBLIC HOUSE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Radlett, Herts, 11 June 1912.

SIR,—I observe that Mr. Filson Young has been complaining in your columns in regard to the unsuitability of the existing public-house.

Few people will disagree with him in his general observations, but he has apparently deemed it necessary to remark upon the failure of the Public House Trust Movement, and further to allege that it is confined to the village inn, which he seems to think in no need of reform. None of these statements are according to the facts. The Public House Trust Movement is at the present day more vigorous and prosperous than ever before. It controls nearly three hundred houses of every sort and kind in every kind of locality, country town and village, middle-class, poor and slum areas, and in all these cases it has succeeded both from a philanthropic and financial standpoint. Let me give two instances in the experience of this company. The "Lightship Inn" at Beckton, near Woolwich, has during twelve months supplied at a profit over 90,000 meals to working men at cheap prices.

Another inn, on the west of Willesden, is supplying over 400 meals per week to the same class, also at a profit.

If the meals were not good and cheap we should not obtain the numbers. The company to which these two houses belong earned over 9 per cent. on its paid-up capital in 1911, and over 10½ per cent. on its paid-up capital in 1912, and it is now turning over more than £50,000 per annum.

If Mr. Filson Young had had my experience during the last ten years he could not possibly say that the village inn is in no need of reform.

So contrary is his statement to the truth according to my somewhat extensive experience that I consider that the need for reform in the country is even more crying than in the towns, by reason of the fact that in the former no other place of public resort often exists, and therefore the demand for a real victualling house for travellers and a house of recreation under the control of the Justices is the more urgent.

Yours faithfully,  
ALEXANDER F. PART (Director),  
Home Counties Public House Trust Limited.

#### THE SCARECROW.

THE plaything of the winds I stand; a jest  
For idle children who draw near to stare,  
And mocking, twitch the sordid rags I wear:  
The farmer's threadbare coat and filthy vest.  
Of all my ancient honours dispossessed,  
I scarce avail from fruit and corn to scare  
The thievish birds, contented if none dare  
Peck out my straw-filled trunk to line his nest.

Yet once my altar lacked no offerings:  
The first-fruits of the fields and vineyards round  
Were mine by right. In Spring my brows were  
crowned  
With painted flowers; and at my foot the sod  
Drank the warm blood of goats, for with such things  
Men honoured me, Priapus, as a god.

E. K. BENNETT.



## REVIEWS.

THAT NEW WORLD THAT WAS THE OLD.

**The Cambridge Mediæval History." Vol. I. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1911. 20s. net.**

CLOSE on the heels of the twelfth volume of the "Cambridge Modern History" follows the first instalment of a new great venture, which has been planned by Professor Bury and is being edited by Professor Gwatkin and Mr. Whitney. Twenty-one capable writers here collaborate in dealing with the Christian Roman Empire and the foundation of the Teutonic kingdoms, and a portfolio of maps accompanies the volume. There is some, but not much, overlapping, and in spite of the trees we get real glimpses of the wood. But in the modern accurate and passionless kind of historical writing, great unifying ideas, large and illuminating generalisations, are seldom worked out. Even a thick volume—it lies open admirably—of 750 pages can only be a crowded summary of clearly arranged but unphilosophised facts.

Where does mediæval history begin? Professor Gwatkin adduces good arguments for starting from Constantine and the Christianisation of the powers of the world. For all that, the popular idea of mediævalism as not beginning till a good deal later—say at the coronation of Charlemagne—has much to plead for itself. The mediæval spirit is romantic, mysterious, sacramental, childlike both in its ruthlessness and its faith. There seems to be nothing in common between Sir Galahad riding in silver armour through enchanted forests, between Dante's Beatrice or Rossetti's Blessed Damozel, between Percy and Douglas or S. Louis and the Maid, on the one hand, and the hard, repellent outlines of the age of the Christian Cæsars, when the old world was in its decay, and the new had not yet burgeoned and become sweet and fragrant, on the other. The connexion of Church and State in the earlier time is hardly a ghostly and mystical union, an interpenetration of heaven and earth, but the Church is a department of the civil service, a moral police, a useful ally. The title "emperor", with all the extravagant prerogatives ascribed to the office, never had the sacred associations of kingship, and government, even when most absolute, was still supposed to rest upon a social compact. It was the apotheosis of power, based on bureaucratic militarism, and regarding the civilised world as a city in a state of siege, but not more really attached to the clouds than were the Liberal despotisms of eighteenth-century "philosophic" Europe. One feature later mediæval government exhibits in common with that of the Empire, the identification of the great offices of State with the "sergeantries" of the monarch's household—chancellor, treasurer, steward, constable, and so forth. But the true genius of the middle ages was aristocratic rather than monarchical. Fourth and fifth century society tended to fix itself in rigid castes and a kind of hereditary serfdom. Large estates came to have the characteristics of self-administered and self-taxing principalities, and private "patronatus" became a refuge for fugitives from the oppressions of the public authorities. But there was not much of the spirit of the Highland patriarch about such magnates, who owed their authority less to the genius of the age than to the weakness of the central government.

Cæsarism never was "converted" to the Cross in the sense that Saxon or Danish kings and peoples bowed knee and humbled heart before the awful challenge of Christ and His Church. Constantine himself wholly failed to understand the absolute and exclusive claim of Christianity, which could only become the State religion by falling into line with other cults and ceasing to make a to-do about diphthongs and prepositions. The emperor continued to be pontifex maximus and head of the pagan Establishment for sixty or seventy years after the battle at the Milvian Bridge, and incense was burnt on the altar of Victory in the Senate House until 382. A century later Theodoric laid down the rule that

spiritual causes should be determined in spiritual courts, and told the bishops that it was for them, not for him, to decide such matters. Yet, Arian as he was, he exercised an active authority in orthodox affairs. In theory, the emperor had no right to intervene in directly theological questions; yet he held the balance between rival Councils and decided what views were to be enforced. He was regarded by his subjects as an omniscient, omnipotent and practically omnipresent providence watching over the affairs of men. But there was never about the emperors, deity them as men might, the same glamour of sacrosanct divinity which hedged the later Dei gratia regality, and their interferences in Church matters have a much more Erastian savour than attaches to the royal supremacy of even post-Reformation princes. On the other hand the Church secured the recognition of her own tribunals as an integral part of the judicial system of the Empire—it is this, together with the conferring of legal authority on the ecclesiastical legislature, which strictly constitutes "Establishment". What is more remarkable is the conversion, by law and in response to popular demand, of the episcopal courts into courts of secular arbitration and conciliation. To a great extent they practically superseded the civil tribunals, being especially resorted to by poor suitors. They inspired confidence. And it was a deserved moral victory which lay with S. Ambrose over Theodosius, with Pope Symmachus over Theodoric, with S. Leo bearding Attila or S. Chrysostom resisting Eudoxia. The grandest figure of the age is, of course, Athanasius, that strong, clear-headed, single-minded, much-persecuted, but greatly loving and forbearing, champion of the faith. Even Gibbon speaks of his "immortal name". But to Julian he was "the criminal, the detestable Athanasius". There is an extraordinary contrast between the two opponents, both rigidly conscientious, both reformers, but the one the type of the sane Catholic spirit, the other of that of sentimental neopaganism. So far from Christianity repelling the erstwhile lesson-reader by its supernaturalism and dogmas, "it would be true to say", remarks Mr. Norman Baynes, "that it was not miraculous enough, was too rational for the mystic and enthusiast". Nor, though Julian believed himself an ardent Hellenist, had the theosophic, hierophantic cults imported from the Orient anything in common with the old simple and very human deities of Olympus. Further, though the pre-Christian paganism did not talk grandly about religious toleration, or propose pantheons in which every divinity (including Christ) should occupy a niche, yet it was essentially indifferentist, local and unexclusive. But neo-paganism was a cosmopolitan faith, an ideal enthusiasm, and so bound to claim universality, though an eclectic and syncretic one. And it found confronting it a systematised Catholicism, upholding one Name only as given among men whereby they may be saved. It is this exclusive and supra-terrestrial claim of Catholic Christianity which has always made Liberalism its persecutor. The spirit of modern Education Bills is the spirit in which Julian the revivalist fanatic, the philosopher-king, oppressed the Church and banished Athanasius.

The volume before us includes such subjects as Church organisation—admirably treated by Mr. C. H. Turner—the Conciliar movement, the forging of the august doctrinal symbols, the great heresies, monasticism, Roman Britain, the Teutonic migrations, early Christian art, social and economic conditions, the relations of East and West, the general history of the period, in which the four leading parts are played by the barbarians, Persia, Constantinople and Rome. Rome had ceased to be a good capital, either from a military or political point of view, though, as Dr. Reid remarks, the two insoluble problems of history are first Rome's rise, and then her fall. Yet as long as the altar of Victory was standing, belief in the eternal destiny and divinity of the City on the Seven Hills was rooted in the hearts of Christians as well as heathen. To meet the assertion of the latter that Rome's troubles came only when she abandoned her ancestral gods,

S. Augustine wrote his "De Civitate Dei". But when the news of her fall came, the pen dropped from the trembling hand of S. Jerome in his quiet cell at Bethlehem. The end of the world was surely at hand.

#### DOSTOIEVSKY.

"A Great Russian Realist." By J. A. T. Lloyd.  
London: Stanley Paul. 1912. 10s. 6d. net.

TO write of Dostoevsky without writing too of Tolstoi is difficult. As, however, his own loquacity on the subject and the pious curiosity of his disciples have familiarised all the world with the inner and outer accidents of Tolstoi's career, perhaps the best method of presenting the life and character of the author of "Poor Folk" is by that of comparison, or contrast. In its scope Mr. Lloyd's book rather resembles Merejkowski's essay on the two great Russians which appeared in an English edition a few years ago. It is not a purely literary study of the novelist, nor is it precisely a biography. As was the case with Tolstoi, Dostoevsky's works were much bound up with his life. Like Merejkowski Mr. Lloyd is chiefly interested in the prophetic significance of the man and his relation to the national genius and destinies. By reason of his greater "spiritual thirst" Dostoevsky, the "disordered man of letters", rather than Turgenev or Tolstoi, appears to him as representative of the Russian people. Suffering intensified his attributes until he became Grand Inquisitor of the nation, "whose knowledge had been won by pain and whose sympathy lay deeper than words".

Between Dostoevsky and Tolstoi there are various points of similarity, which, no sooner stated, bring out the more emphatic contrasts. Both men suffered from bad conscience, and were vehemently self-accusatory; they worshipped innocence in the shape of the common people, and went down on their knees before the moujik. Tolstoi, however, for all his protest, remained a Russian gentleman with the feudal mentality of his caste, a boyar who played at being a peasant. This attitude of humility was quite natural with Dostoevsky; fate had decreed that he should mingle with the outcast and the disinherited; thus he escaped the ill-will which the genuine revolutionist bears against the castellan of Iasná Poliana. Yet Dostoevsky was a Conservative and a loyal Russian, whereas Tolstoi, if his theories had been carried into practice, would have demolished civilisation. Dostoevsky not only advocated the slave morality, if we must use the Nietzschean jargon; he practised it. It is true that as a youth he let himself be influenced by the Fourierist doctrine; but the group of the Petrashevsky to which he belonged, and as a member of which he was arrested and imprisoned, had no revolutionary aims. Fourier himself, as Mr. Lloyd remarks, was opposed to political change; the objects of the Russian Fourierists only included opposition to the Censorship, serfdom and administrative delinquencies; and Dostoevsky firmly believed in "Russia and the Russian habit of thought", and admired the national tradition of endurance and obedience. The very terrible punishment to which he was subjected did not break his spirit, nor did it cause him to bear any hatred or resentment against society. Ladies came to look for traces of suffering on his face. "What suffering?" he would ask. He had had the experience of being condemned to death, and of actually mounting the scaffold, then of eight years of Siberia; he lost his wife, daughter and favourite brother; the want of roubles always haunted him; he was epileptic. One contrasts all this with the worldly good luck and good health which consistently attended Tolstoi and for which he professed so great a disdain. Worse still, Dostoevsky's spiritual adventures were often of a peculiarly ghastly kind. He became a prey to what Mr. Lloyd calls the *frayeur mystique*, "the sombre fear", as he put it, "of something that I was unable to define, something that I cannot conceive, which does not exist in the order of things, but which can certainly

make itself realised every instant, as an irony opposed to every argument of the reason". It appears, however, that Dostoevsky's epileptic seizures increased his already extraordinary psychological powers, and his insight with regard to the more obscure motives of men, just as his Siberian experiences had done. In the Tolstoian sense Dostoevsky is neither moralist nor prophet; he is the lesser artist too; still he was poet by the grace of God, and it is to his credit that he was contented with that. It is true that like all the great Russians he has a mystical devotion to his race, and that he claims for art a religious sanction and a religious purpose. But he does not lay down rules of conduct, or believe that, after the Christian faith has been professed by millions upon millions of men for eighteen centuries, it has been given to him to discover the law of Christ as a new thing.

Dostoevsky died in S. Petersburg at the age of sixty. He had written twenty-one novels; these with his correspondence and his "Diary of a Writer" have been the chief material of Mr. Lloyd's study, which tends rather to prolixity. All that he has to say of Dostoevsky in relation to Russia and his Russian contemporaries, and to French and English realism, seems to be said in the first two or three chapters; of Dostoevsky the criminologist, the psychologist from whom Nietzsche learnt something—author of "Crime and Punishment" and the "Brothers Karamazov"—he treats wordily, but without any particular freshness or originality. Mr. Lloyd moves, or thinks that he moves, in this world of Russian realism, with perfect familiarity; yet one fancies that were he conscious of some sense of strangeness there, his thoughts might really be more suggestive and valuable. He leaves us aware of the grandeur of his subject, which is really nothing less than the psychology of the great Christian nation of Russia: but the epic of Dostoevsky has yet to be written.

#### A GALLANT FAILURE.

"Leo XIII. and Anglican Orders." By Viscount Halifax. London: Longmans. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

DES inspirations de génie, mais qui n'aboutissaient pas." This is the judgment passed on Leo XIII. by a great Catholic historian, and the history of the controversy on Anglican orders justifies it. If the Pope had combined with his high Christian piety and his statesman's intuition a tenacity of purpose, the forlorn hope so bravely led by Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal against the mass of prejudice and reaction that has for centuries separated the Church of S. Augustine from the Church of S. Gregory the Great would have borne immediate fruit. The moral responsibility for the immediate failure rests on Archbishop Benson and Cardinal Vaughan; but had Leo XIII. been in a resolute frame of mind, he was strong enough to have overlooked the conceit of the Anglican Prelate and to snub the stupid prejudices of the English Cardinal. At least on the evening of 12 September 1894, when the Abbé Portal sat in the Vatican Palace conferring with the venerable Pontiff on the Anglican problem, the Pope realised alike his duty and the possibilities of the situation. The Abbé had told him a stirring tale. In 1889, when he was yearning to do something to realise Leo's dream of Christian reunion, a chance visit of Lord Halifax to the Abbey of Funchal in Madeira, where he was staying, had given him a friend and a sphere of work. The two friends had decided that the need of the time was to bring the Churches of Rome and England together in friendly conference, and had come to the conclusion that the question of the validity of Anglican orders from the Roman standpoint offered the best point of contact. Under the nom de plume of Dalbus, the Abbé accordingly wrote a pamphlet on Anglican orders which made a sensation among the Catholic theologians of the Continent. In 1894 he visited England and saw the Church of England as it was. It has often been

said that he was only allowed to see the Ritualistic side. In fact he visited the Church Missionary College at Islington, and was introduced to its Principal, Dr. Drury, now Bishop of Ripon. He met Maclagan at Bishopthorpe and was impressed by "la note d'une grande piété qui distingue cette maison"; but most important of all, he successfully drew from Bishop Creighton his ideas on the subject of Papal infallibility. The Bishop freely allowed that the Pope after taking necessary precautions might declare the truth of which the Church is the depository and that it was not necessary that the Church should by formal act accept every Papal declaration so made. Leo heard this statement with evident interest, and at least partially endorsed it. "I am eighty-five", he cried. "How thankfully should I sing my Nunc Dimittis if I could do anything, even the least thing, to help forward this union."

Leo saw for the moment that to bring together the Roman and Anglican Churches was a Christian work, and that it was a work which would take time. He put his hand to the plough; but he could not persevere. The first difficulties daunted him. The Archbishop of Canterbury failed to rise to the occasion. He was, very naturally, annoyed by the deplorable campaign which Cardinal Vaughan had already commenced against the Church of England, and regardless of the peace of the Church, he set about playing the rôle of a stage Cyprian. Archbishop Maclagan and Mr. Gladstone did their best; but they could not save the situation. The Archbishop of Canterbury had given the game to Cardinal Vaughan.

But, it will be said, there was no situation to save. Reunion between Rome and England was the idlest of dreams. Protracted negotiations could have ended in nothing but disappointment to the Papacy, and while they proceeded it would have been difficult for the English Roman Catholics to make converts. If Cardinal Vaughan's action in disabusing the Pope of an impossible fantasy was rough and unsympathetic, it was, it is argued, justifiable on grounds of expediency and truth. This, the only possible defence of Cardinal Vaughan's action, is torn to shreds by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in his letters at the end of the volume. The Cardinal, says Mr. Ward, undervalued the importance of developing Roman sympathies with a view to the future. The real difficulty which confronts all Catholic Christians, in their dealings with English folk, is the absence from the popular mind of the Catholic ethos. Lord Halifax did true service to Catholic and historic Christianity when at the Norwich Church Congress in 1895 he carried the great majority with him in his appeal to make an effort for the removal of the "barriers which have suspended for eight centuries the intercommunion of East and West, and have severed from the Roman Communion almost the whole Teutonic element of Western Christendom". The triumph at Norwich was no solitary victory in Lord Halifax's crusade of reconciliation. His whole volume is replete with evidence of the general sympathy of the leaders of the Church of England with his aspirations. To pretend with the apologists of Cardinal Vaughan that no one outside the advanced High Church party sympathised with the effort is to say that men like Archbishop Maclagan, Bishop Walsham How, the late Bishop of Llandaff and Mr. Gladstone were extreme Ritualists. Why even Prebendary Webb-Peploe was so much impressed with the Pope's letter "ad Anglos" that he thought for a time of asking Lord Halifax to address his congregation on the subject of reunion. There was a real rapprochement between these two branches of the Catholic Church, and it might have matured, if Cardinal Vaughan had not allied himself with the forces of Erastianism against it. But the Cardinal could see the Church of England only in the lurid light of the penal laws and entered into alliance with the "Times" newspaper against Lord Halifax and Mr. Gladstone. From the early days of the Tractarian movement the "Times" has always in doctrinal questions stood for a conventional and Erastian Protestantism.

On the condemnation of Anglican orders we can only say a brief word. Lord Halifax had desired the Pope to

deal with it as a subject of conference between the Churches. Cardinal Vaughan persuaded him to treat it as a matter of internal Roman discipline, a course which left the last word to the Holy Office. The Holy Office was bound in this matter by the Gordon decision, a decision given on a Thursday Session by Clement XI. That Leo XIII. could have got round this decision, had he so willed, we feel no doubt; but he had no longer the will to embroil himself with the Inquisition. The Risposta of Monsignor Moyes and Abbot Gasquet was in his hands; it told him that wise policy demanded condemnation and that in most Anglican Churches the Communion is celebrated once a month. When, a few months before his death, Leo XIII. again gave Lord Halifax a blessing on the object he had at heart, he was a wiser man. The numerous converts from the Church of England, whom he had been led to expect, had not appeared.

#### THE GOVERNESS.

"The Governess." By Mrs. Alfred Hunt and Violet Hunt. London: Chatto and Windus. 1912. 6s.

"THE GOVERNESS" is a venture which seems to have required a good deal of launching. It was written some years ago by Mrs. Alfred Hunt as a three-volume novel, "snap and vim" have been imparted to it by Miss Violet Hunt, "skilful modern among moderns", and it has finally attained the honour of being patronised in a preface by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. Mr. Hueffer tells us that the three-volume novel was killed by the penny post, but he supplies something nearer the real reason when informing us that Mrs. Hunt, in the happy days before "snap and vim" had been invented, was paid a thousand pounds for beguiling some two thousand of the public. It is not difficult to understand that so "soft" a source of income was not likely to be left long unexploited; the aspirants to it increased out of proportion to the novel-reading public, and the libraries were faced with a financial problem which had inevitably to end in a pricking of the novel's inflated price, and reference of the novelist for profits to an extended public. The change has necessarily favoured the less accomplished writers, as any extension of an intellectual franchise must, but if it has also diminished the rewards for such work as "The Governess", there is something not wholly unfair in its operation. Mr. Hueffer deplores, as all book-lovers must, the deterioration in ink, print, and paper, and he might have added binding, since the more leisurely days of three-volume romance; but, after all, there is a more important factor in literary art than these, and if in sheer bulk the output of poor stuff has immensely increased, it does not seem to have sunk to a lower level, and there has been a corresponding expansion in really capable and profitable work, so that many a book which would have made a prodigious stir forty years ago, attains a barely profitable circulation to-day.

Mr. Hueffer finds space in his preface for the remark that "as a document . . . 'The Governess' is extremely valuable". Now quite apart from the unsatisfactory vagueness of the term, "document" is the very last description that should be applied to Mrs. Hunt's story. Whatever "document" may suggest in romance it does not suggest conventionality, and it would be difficult to plan a story which follows more closely than does this the accepted common-places of pedagogic comedy. We have here a lovely young creature, the daughter of rich but honest parents, suddenly plunged by a slump in wool into a position of grinding poverty, and obliged to accept the first salary that affliction offers. Like all young ladies in a similar plight, her charms only begin to operate when the operation is likely to prove inconvenient. During the years of splendour in her father's house her beauty and wealth do not appear to have achieved a single admirer, but the moment she becomes a governess in an intolerable household, all the eligible young men within reach fall adoring before her. So



constant is this misfortune in tales of the kind that one is almost forced to accept it as a tribute to masculine nature, so imperatively attracted by beauty in distress.

But that is hardly the sort of thing one looks for in a "document". What one does require is a sense of intimate human relationship, and of this in "The Governess" there is not a vestige. If it really tries to represent, as Mr. Hueffer would convince us, the isolation of a sensitive soul tortured by the unimaginative cruelty of a provincial household, the effort is frustrated by an imaginative sterility. But such a view is negated by the endowment of the victim with compelling loveliness. No woman conscious of being so armed can offer as a document anything comparable to the sense of isolation felt by thousands from the pangs of despised plainness.

Whether the concluding half of the book was designed by Mrs. Hunt, or added by Miss Hunt as a concession to the requirement for "snap and vim", it would surely have been better, if a murder really was demanded, to have treated it less in the spirit of hilarious farce. The comic chief constable, the inexpressible Mrs. Orridge, the Adelphi detective, the fatuous solicitor, the whole "rough and tumble" of the concluding scenes, including that of the coroner's inquest, may possibly be conceded as a relief to those who have persevered through the first half of the volume, and might have served for a roaring third act in a pretended comedy, but how they must have pained Mr. Hueffer's sense of documentary importance!

#### EARLY VICTORIAN AND MODERN AMERICAN.

"The Mansions of England in the Olden Time." By Joseph Nash. New Edition. London: Heinemann. 1912. 30s. net.

"Elizabethan Interiors." By C. J. Charles. London: Newnes and Greenfield. 1912. 42s. net.

THESE are two picture-books of Tudor rooms, both meant for drawing-room tables, both intended for the rich, both designed for amateurs, and yet with as deep a gulf between them as can be conceived between two books of the same class. The reason is obvious. Joseph Nash painted his pictures for "the landed gentry and nobility" of Early Victorian England; Mr. Charles has produced his "Elizabethan Interiors" for the American millionaires of 1912. The lesson they teach is a lesson in history. Two societies can be reconstructed from their pages. Nash's pleasant slipshod, sentimental pictures could only have been produced for the lords and ladies of the Eglinton Tournament. About Mr. Charles' book, on the other hand, there is no sentiment. It is meant for the New York millionaire, and if the millionaire wants it, he must pay for it like everything else. One useful purpose it will certainly serve; it will be an outward and visible sign of its owner's millions. No one but a millionaire can afford one-and-a-penny a page. Forty-two shillings for forty pages, that is the exact price. It may indeed be worth the money for two reasons; not only is it a proof of its owner's wealth, but it is also a general advertisement of the power of riches. Its title leads one to suppose that it would be a picture-book of great English houses. Nothing of the kind. What are Hatfield or Audley End or Burghley to these plutocrats? It would have been an insult to show them anything they cannot buy. To illustrate, therefore, the decorative arts of the Elizabethan age they are given "a long gallery designed for a house in 45th Street, New York, U.S.A.", "an oak-panelled den in Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.", "a dining-room in Newton Centre, Boston, Mass. U.S.A." In pictures such as these they can gloat over their English plunder. The book is a cloud of witness to the triumph of the old world over the new. Nash's sentiment has been powerless before American dollars. "The Mansions of England in the Olden Time" have become a quarry for Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

"There have", says Mr. Charles, "been many books

written of late on the subject of English Decorative Art, and one may have too much of a good thing, but in producing this work I hope I have succeeded in making a not unwelcome addition to what has been done by the knowledge, industry, and versatility of those who have preceded me in this branch of art." Mr. Charles may be surprised to learn that we regard his book as a most unwelcome addition, his letterpress as valueless and his pictures only valuable as showing the raids that Americans are making into treasure houses. It is not often that one looks to 1840 for relief. Yet with all their stucco and stuffiness we prefer the Early Victorians of Joseph Nash to the modern Americans of Mr. Charles. "The Mansions of England" is an epitome not of one but all Early Victorians' manners and methods.

Joseph Nash, its author, the son of a schoolmaster, was born in 1809. After entering Pugin's office he became a painter and an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. Most of his work was done between 1840 and 1850. He died in 1878, the very year, as Mr. Reginald Blomfield tells us in the preface, in which a pension of a hundred pounds was granted him from the Civil List. Nash deserved his pension. No one represented better the tastes of the time. Not too far removed from the Waverley Novels to have escaped the spells of the Wizard of the North, not yet plunged into the middle-class materialism that was beginning to overspread England, Nash has much that is attractive about him. No one could call his work either historically or architecturally accurate; in these respects it is typical of an age of amateurs. No one could call it bold or original. Perhaps it may best be described as a mixture of art, history, and romance elegantly extracted for the drawing-room. A picture of Haddon Hall gives the author an opportunity for illustrating the Waverley Novel idea of Christmas revels in the middle ages. Penshurst is the background for the bringing in of the Yule Log, Hever for the entry of Henry VIII. The atmosphere is the atmosphere of Kenny Meadows and the Keepsake. Yet, whilst Mr. Charles and his "Elizabethan Interiors" will set on edge any English room, Nash and his "Mansions of England" will live pleasantly and at peace on any drawing-room table.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Commercial Laws of the World." Vol. XXI. France and Monaco. London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1912.

The twenty-first volume of this series has been compiled by Mr. G. Horn, and translated by Mr. Montague R. Emanuel. It consists in the main of the French Commercial Code of 1807, and its numerous amendments; but the Principality of Monaco claims some seventy pages at the end for its own code which with but a few alterations is substantially the same as that of France. In reading the very full introduction on French procedure the English lawyer will be struck by the absence of that centralisation which in this country brings so large a proportion of cases to London. Even the courts of appeal are local, and the Cour de Cassation sitting in Paris as supreme over all deals only with questions of law, and on quashing a judgment can only send the case back to an inferior court for decision on the facts. It is to be noted, too, that the State in France takes an interest in the correctness of legal decisions, and a wrong decision of a court of appeal need not necessarily stand as an authority till some litigant is found with the money and enterprise to take it up to the highest court. The Cour de Cassation has a useful officer who may himself appeal though the parties do not; and though the hearing is academic, and does not affect the rights of the parties, its value in saving expense in future litigation is obvious. Such a system would do much to relieve the position of the litigant who relies on a hitherto unquestioned decision of the Court of Appeal, and finds himself defeated in the House of Lords. In the body of the work the terms of the code are set out with supplementary notes, and the translation has been carefully and accurately done.

"Things that Matter." By L. G. Chiozza Money. London: Methuen. 1912. 5s. net.

Mr. Chiozza Money is an amusing person, as when he hopes that "playing to the gallery may disappear from

politics within a comparatively short period". He can also be amusing in writing, as the paper on "Our Chief Industry", the making of rubbish, and some others prove. One cannot deny that the economic and social topics Mr. Chiozza Money discusses in these essays are things that really matter; and he has the journalistic cleverness which makes anything at least a matter of interest for the moment. In an easy way he gives a good deal of information about trade and industry, British and foreign. The subjects were mostly chosen for Liberal and Free Trade papers except when they happened to be Socialist. He discourses on the organisation of industry, however, quite incompatibly with Liberal Free Trade; and what he says of the decline of our industries is just what Tariff Reformers and not what Liberals say. One article on "The Emigration of Capital" is remarkable for the admission that a good deal of the capital invested abroad ought to be invested in England. He shows very plainly that in the inevitably growing organisation of industry Free Trade will be no defence for the consumer against high prices; that the most complete organisation is necessary in the economics of industry; and that the State will have to take its part in this organisation in the interests of the public. No Tariff Reformer need shrink from reading "Industry Writ Large", "States within the State", or "British Iron Stagnation". Mr. Money hedges, and concludes with "given an ill-trained people, and neither Free Trade nor Protection can avail us anything". The "Protectionist" is heartily with him there.

"Saint Francis of Assisi: a Biography." By Johannes Jørgensen. Translated from the Danish with the Author's sanction by T. O'Connor Sloane. London: Longmans. 1912. 12s. 6d. net.

This book has already been translated from the Danish into French, German, and, we believe, Italian. Herr Jørgensen is a poet and enthusiast; he writes with all the ardour of Norse sentiment in a fashion which holds and convinces, and yet by profound study and a patient ransacking of the sources he has made a strenuous effort to be accurate and scientific. But while giving to the earliest sources their true place and value, he, to our mind, considerably over-estimates the *Speculum* and the *Actus* as witnesses to actual fact. The translation does not read over-smoothly. The original Danish is not before us, and it is therefore not always possible to say who is responsible for the numerous and extraordinary slips in nomenclature, e.g. "S. Matthew," five times, for "S. Matthias"; "S. Anthony of Florence" for "S. Antoninus"; "holy scholastic's convent" for "the monastery of S. Scholastica"; "historian" for "historiographer"; "Mark Ancona", over and over again, for "the March of Ancona"; "Paratenes" for "Patarines"; "Camaldolites" for "Camaldolese"; "Pilgrim" from Fallerone for "Peregrine of Fallerone", etc. The expression "Roland and Holger" (Rolandus et Oliverus) shows that Herr Jørgensen takes Ogier le Danois and Oliver the Paladin to be one and the same Knight, while "Philipp Lange" (Fra Filippo Lungo) and "Herr Mester Bonaventure" (Dominus Magister Bonaventura) have been left in the original Danish for no apparent reason. Moreover, such words and phrases as to "read Mass", "pray the Compline", "Primes", "Trines" (for "Tierce"), "canonical times", and "lower orders" (for "minor orders") show that the translator is wanting in a knowledge of the correct phraseology in such matters. The statement that John of Parma wrote the "*Sacrum commercium*" in 1227 (about six years before he entered the Order) is no doubt a slip of the author's.

"The Age of Marie Antoinette." By Charles Newton Scott. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1912. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Scott's little book, already in a third revised edition, is an excellent model of the essay in connoisseurship. The author is thoroughly happy in his period; he turns the names upon his tongue with the true zest—Gouthière, Derjavine, Pacchierotti; he is ready stoutly to support Gregorovius who has said that the day will perhaps come when men will sigh for the eighteenth century as they have sighed for the great time of Greece. Mr. Scott has read widely; he is at all points the scholar of a type that steadily disappears; he has the eclectic view. Few authors to-day are sufficiently wise to write so small a book on so large a matter; possibly because few writers have so much to say.

"Our Flag" is the new name of the "Conservative and Unionist", the change of style commemorating the fusion of the two wings of party organisation. The June number is excellent. There is an article on "The Cost of Home Rule" by Mr. Austen Chamberlain; an article on "The New Style in Politics" by Mr. Walter Long; and an article on

Welsh Disestablishment by Lord Selborne. Mr. Walter Long, discussing the new style in politics, dwells forcibly on the system whereby "the interests of the United Kingdom are bought and sold at the instance of opposing groups, and the Government is the broker". The notes and comments in "Our Flag" are vividly written, and the choice of topics is wide. "Our Flag" is still published, wonderfully cheap, at a penny.

## THEOLOGY.

"A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the First Epistle of S. Paul to the Corinthians." By A. Robertson and A. Plummer. ("International Critical Commentary.") Edinburgh: Clark. 1911. 12s.

The "International Critical Commentary" is approaching completion, and the present volume not only fills a gap, but upholds the high standard of the series. It is the joint work of two theologians—the Bishop of Exeter and Dr. Plummer—either of whom would have been quite capable of doing it alone. The introduction is full and scholarly, and not too long; fortunately with this Epistle we have not to bother ourselves much over authorship-problems or partition-theories; here, if anywhere, we have a letter written by S. Paul and preserved in much the same state as when it left the writer's hands. We would especially commend the section on the date of the Epistle and of S. Paul's visits to Corinth, though the editors do not seem to be aware of the recently discovered inscription from Delphi, which fixes with practical certainty Gallio's Proconsulship in the year 52 A.D. (see the "*Revue d'Histoire et de la Littérature Religieuses*", Mars-Avril 1911). The notes on the text are clear, thorough, and well packed with references to other works; whenever we consult them we can learn all that has been said on the grammar and exegesis of the passage. But there is something missing; just that touch of genius which makes a note of Lightfoot's fascinating as well as instructive; nor are there any of those exhaustive "additional notes" which make Sanday and Headlam's "Commentary on the Romans" a thesaurus of Biblical and dogmatic theology. Still, there is a vast amount of learning and sound criticism throughout

(Continued on page 753.)

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"The International Critical Commentary: Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Obadiah, Joel." By Drs. Smith, Ward and Bewer. Edinburgh: Clark. 1912. 12s. 6d.

This is the second of a series of three books on the Minor Prophets Micah, Zephaniah, and Nahum being undertaken by Professor Powis Smith, Habakkuk by Professor Ward, Obadiah and Joel by Professor Bewer—all American scholars. The high standard of accurate scholarship which has been set by former commentaries under the editorship of Drs. Driver, Plummer, and Briggs is well maintained, and it is no exaggeration to say that the serious student of Hebrew will find here a rich mine of learning. It is not as easy to read the prophets in these days of advanced literary criticism as it was a generation or two ago, for one can never be quite sure whether a given verse belongs to the prophet whose name is attached to the book or whether it belongs to the editor or some later poet. Thus none of the books dealt with in the above commentary is allowed to be a literary unity. The prophecy of Joel, for example, is assigned to three different writers: Joel, an eschatological editor and the author of five verses in the fourth chapter; while Obadiah, which contains only twenty-one verses, may be the work of three, if not four, hands!

"The First Christian Century: Notes on Dr. Moffatt's 'Introduction to the Literature of the New Testament.'" By W. M. Ramsay. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 2s. 6d. net.

Sir William Ramsay has been much exercised by the liberal criticism displayed in Dr. Moffatt's recently published "Introduction", and he has fired off a number of articles at it, written, as he confesses, "for the most part in trains and hotels"; these he has now issued in book form. Naturally the result is not a book, but a series of essays, scrappy and yet diffuse, with a good deal of overlapping and repetition, and in parts hardly intelligible away from the work of which they are a criticism. Still, they would not be by Sir William Ramsay if they did not contain much that was worthy of study. There is a vigorous onslaught upon the absurd theory that John the son of Zebedee was martyred at the same time as his brother James; and if the Johannine authorship of the fourth Gospel is not conclusively proved, the weakness of Dr. Moffatt's arguments on the other side is. Towards the end of the volume there is a revindication of the South Galatian theory (which Dr. Moffatt has had the temerity to deny), and an account of some lately discovered inscriptions in Asia Minor.

"The Credibility of the Gospel ('Orphéus et l'Evangile')." By P. Batiffol. Translated by G. C. H. Pollen. London: Longmans. 1911. 4s. 6d. net.

We are glad to welcome a good English translation of "Orphéus et l'Evangile"; its French title was due to the fact that the book arose out of a series of lectures delivered as an answer to the account of Christian origins contained in Salomon Reinach's "Orphéus". But it is more than a reply to that book; it is an extremely well-arranged, sober piece of Christian apologetic, and one of the best defences of the New Testament history that we have read of late years. Intended for the cultivated laity, it is neither too technical nor too elementary, and gives just the information which the average intelligent layman stands in need of. Mgr. Batiffol is well read in English and German theology, liberal as well as conservative; and he is himself a conservative of a very reasonable type.

"The Question of Divorce." By C. Gore. London: Murray. 1911. 1s. net.

"The History of Divorce and Re-marriage, for English Churchmen" Compiled from Holy Scripture, Church Councils and Authoritative Writers by H. J. Wilkins. London: Longmans. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

"Marriage and Divorce" By C. Chapman. ("Woman Citizen Series.") London: Nutt. 1911.

If anyone wishes to study the pros and cons of the divorce question he cannot do better than obtain these three books; but we are bound to add that he will rise from their perusal with ideas sadly mixed. The Bishop of Oxford and Dr. Wilkins would uphold the traditions of the Western Church in all their strictness, and absolutely forbid re-marriage after divorce, even to the "innocent party", whom Dr. Wilkins, at any rate, regards as very rare. They are both forced by the logic of their position into free criticism of the Gospel according to S. Matthew, and they do not shrink from asserting that its famous exception "save for the cause of fornication" was never uttered by our Lord, and is in fact clean contrary to His teaching; it must therefore have been inserted deliberately by the

evangelist, and that in the very sermon which contains such stern language as to those who "loose" commandments which God has bound, and teach men so. Mr. Chapman, on the other hand, is in favour of civil marriage and cheap and easy divorce, both as a cure and a preventive of unhappy wedded life; the easier divorce is, the less will people want to avail themselves of it. He has certainly put his finger on many hardships in existing laws as they affect married women, and he has collected a number of anecdotes, some of them ancient, and others not particularly relevant; but spite of his stories and statistics we doubt whether his remedy would not aggravate the disease; Paul Bourget's "Un Divorce", which is also accompanied by statistics, tells a different tale, and so do the earlier pages of Dr. Wilkins' compilation.

"The Church and the Age." By W. R. Inge. London: Longmans. 1912. 2s. net.

Dean Inge's lectures have aroused interest, amusement, and anger, from the caustic manner in which he has attacked the democratic principles at work both in the Church and in the Age; and certainly he thinks poorly of the Church, worse of the Age, and worst of reporters. But he aims higher than mere criticism; he has striven, with what success we must leave the philosophers to decide, to construct a pocket-theory of the universe, with special reference to the progress of mankind and the past and present of the Christian Church. His survey of Church History is broad, but disheartening from its bigoted hatred of Rome; and it ends with an easy prophecy of the future when a free and glorious Protestantism will show the world what Christianity really is. For the early Church he has small respect; "the traditions of the first six centuries", he says, "are the traditions of the rattle and the feeding-bottle"; yet Origen, Athanasius, and Augustine treated those traditions with reverence, and their intellects are worthy of being compared with the best specimens of Teutonic Christianity, even with that of Dr. Inge himself.

"Twelve Cambridge Sermons." By J. E. B. Mayor. Edited, with a Memoir, by H. F. Stewart. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1911. 5s.

The late Professor Mayor was known to the big world mainly as the editor of Juvenal; but his knowledge of theology and history was as profound as his knowledge of Latin. His sermons, splendid in their enthusiasm and pure English style, were often privately printed, with notes; the notes generally exceeded the actual discourses in length, and exhibited a marvellous amount of learning. Not only members of his College and University, but all who love letters, will be grateful to Mr. Stewart for publishing this selection, and for prefacing it with a delightful account of the preacher's life—surely one of the simplest, quaintest, and most beautiful lives ever lived by Christian scholar.

For this Week's Books see page 760.

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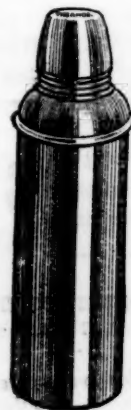
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 COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.  
 VALEDICTORY REMARKS.  
 QUANTUM MUTATUS: IV. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. By C. C.  
 AN OPEN LETTER TO READERS OF THE EYE-WITNESS. By Junius.  
 A GHETTO DERBY. By Delf.  
 BALLADES URBANE. No. LII: A LAST BALLADE. By B. C.  
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AN extraordinary General Meeting of the members of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday to consider and, if thought fit, pass the following resolutions: (1) "That the capital of the company be increased to £3,750,000, by the creation of 1,250,000 Participating Preference shares of £1 each, entitled to a preferred non-cumulative dividend of 7 per cent. per annum, and, after the Ordinary shares have received a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, to a right to participate *pari passu* with the Ordinary shares in the surplus profits of each year available for dividend, and by the creation of 1,500,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each." (2) "That the Ordinary shares of the company, including the existing shares, shall be entitled to receive out of the profits of the company available for dividend in each year, after payment of a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. for that year on the Preference shares, a dividend at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, and to participate *pari passu* with the Preference shareholders in any further distribution of profits." (3) "That the regulations contained in the printed document, entitled 'Articles of Association of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company, Ltd.,' submitted to this meeting (and for the purpose of identification signed by the Chairman thereof), be and the same are hereby adopted as the regulations of this company to the exclusion of and in substitution of all the existing regulations thereof." (4) "That the provisional agreement entered into between the Chairman of this Company of the first part, the Deutsche Erdöl Aktiengesellschaft and the Banking House of Laupmühlen and Co., Ltd., of the second part, dated in Berlin 24 May, 1912, under which certain properties and interests are to be acquired by this company, be and is hereby approved, and that the board be and is hereby authorised to carry into effect such agreement, with or without modifications, and other necessary agreements with the various companies concerned." Mr. E. T. Boxall (the Chairman of the company) presided. The Secretary (Mr. Francis S. Keane) read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman said he took it for granted that the circular letter to the shareholders had been read. The negotiations which had culminated in these proposals had been proceeding for some months. So many different interests were involved, not only commercial but in some respects international, that they were compelled to adjust the scheme very delicately. The value of properties to be acquired had been calculated on a fair and equitable basis. He was sure if the amalgamation was completed the result would be to greatly enhance the value of the company's present holding, and to establish it on such a basis that in the future it must take its place among the leading oil enterprises of the world. He had received a good many letters from shareholders expressing approval of the scheme. In April last this company possessed 15 producing wells, 21 in course of drilling, and a very large area of undeveloped land, a portion of which had been satisfactorily proved to be oil-bearing. The production at the time of the circular in April was at the rate of 500 tons daily, and this had been maintained to the present time, the actual production at the present time being 550 tons daily. This was satisfactory, but the board had felt that, in view of the

favourable position of the property and the enormous possibilities for developments, they possessed the nucleus of a very important undertaking and that they must look to the further welfare of the company. The first consideration that influenced them in entering into these negotiations was the introduction of adequate working capital to further develop the extensive oil territory they held. They had very extensive territories, and with such a large area containing such high-grade oil, the shareholders would have had reason to reproach the directors if they had been content to hold these valuable territories and make no effort to find the necessary working capital for the purpose of development on a proper scale. The amount of working capital provided under the scheme was £181,000, and, in addition to that, they had other resources, making the working capital at least £250,000. It was felt that this was ample for present requirements and energetic development, and should it be found necessary at any later date to provide further capital it should be easy to obtain it on favourable terms by the issue of the shares now held in reserve. Another result of the scheme would be that they would have an increased profit on the crude oil. Possessing, as they would, four refineries with a capacity of 170,000 tons of crude oil yearly, it would be seen that they would be able to realise full market price for that quantity. What seemed to him a favourable criticism on the scheme was that none of the contracting parties were really satisfied with the terms on which they would enter the combine. He thought, however, that a fair compromise between the many interests involved had been arrived at after very prolonged negotiations. A point had been raised in a letter from a shareholder as to why the scheme had been brought forward before the accounts for the current year had been presented. He could only say that there were always two parties to a bargain, and the other side were not agreeable that the matter should be deferred until after the accounts of this company were made up, which would have necessitated a delay of several months. Under the present arrangement it was proposed that the whole of the properties included in the combine would accrue for profit as from May 1 this year. With reference to the issue of Preference shares, he was pleased to say they had been placed without commission, and as they felt that under the new arrangement these Preference shares would be very attractive, they stipulated that a portion of the purchase price for the refineries and other properties should be payable either in cash or Preference shares, and that privilege of subscribing for a portion of this issue should be given to the existing shareholders of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company. Each shareholder would have the right to subscribe for one Preference share for every three Ordinary shares held at present. The right must be exercised within ten days after the confirmatory meeting, to be held 27 June. In summarising the benefits of the scheme, he would like to emphasise the following points:—In the first place, economy in administration; and he thought that item should prove very considerable. Secondly, the development on a large scale of the very valuable oil territories held by the company, and also those to be brought into the combine. Thirdly, the completeness of the organisation provided in the amalgamation, which included the production of crude oil, control of a large number of pipelines and storage tanks, the refineries for dealing with their own oil, and obtaining the benefits of all intermediate profits on the manufacture and sales of by-products. And, lastly, the importance of possessing distributing organisation such as that controlled by the Deutsche Erdöl Gesellschaft. They considered that under the scheme they would possess at least 75 wells producing and in course of drilling, so that they might reasonably anticipate in a very short time a greatly increased production, and consequent larger profits. For the further protection of Ordinary shareholders, it had been provided in the Articles that the amount carried to reserve in any one year should not be less than 10 per cent. or more than 20 per cent. of the net profits earned. In conclusion he would state that the present opportunity was certainly a unique one for placing the company on a sound financial and industrial basis.

The Chairman having replied to certain questions, the scheme was approved, and a vote of thanks ended the proceedings.

# RAND MINES, LIMITED.

## ABRIDGED TABULATED SUMMARY.

FINANCIAL QUARTER ENDING	ROSE DEEP, LIMITED	GELDENHUIS DEEP, LIMITED	FEDERHA DEEP, LIMITED	CROWN MINES, LIMITED	DURBAN ROODEPOORT DEEP, LIMITED	NEW MODDERFONTEIN G. M. CO., LTD.	CITY DEEP, LIMITED	VILLAGE DEEP, LIMITED	BANTJES CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED	MODDERFONTEIN B. GOLD MINES, LTD.	EAST RAND PROSPECTORY MINES, LTD.	THE VILLAGE MAIN REEF G. M. CO., LTD.	THE JUPITER G. M. CO., LTD.	MAIN REEF WEST, LIMITED	NOORSE N. LIMITED	THE WOLHUTER GOLD MINES, LIMITED
	March 31, 1912.														Jan. 31, 1912.	
Mine.																
DEVELOPMENT WORK—																
Number of feet driven, sunk and risen, exclusive of Stopes ..	3,899	9,103	3,157	14,458	4,486	4,170	4,520	4,915	3,562	410	11,527	953	2,237	2,264	5,931	2,621
Reduction Works.																
Ore received from Mine .. (tons)	221,029	213,099	112,797	326,484	84,202	167,604	90,170	175,312	80,269	103,432	518,097	115,950	—	48,674	171,219	102,483
Ore received from Surface Dumps (tons)	—	—	—	—	—	—	50,088	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tonnage crushed ..	101,300	173,960	90,840	458,000	69,895	147,330	113,830	147,400	66,840	92,600	471,750	98,070	106,200	42,765	145,100	88,400
Total yield (fine ozs.)	64,553	59,340	48,200	179,004	23,865	58,206	44,871	51,767	24,424	38,747	177,003	45,786	25,449	17,188	59,709	28,691
Yield per ton ..	28s. 4d.	28s. 9d.	44s. 6d.	32s. 8d.	28s. 7d.	33s. 1d.	32s. 6d.	29s. 5d.	30s. 7d.	35s. 1d.	32s. 1d.	36s. 8d.	30s. 1d.	33s. 8d.	30s. 6d.	27s. 5d.
Accumulated slimes treated .. (tons)	—	5,070	—	5,549	—	6,641	6,630	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Working Expenses.																
Cost ..	£169,721	£208,441	£109,287	£426,178	£84,692	£142,202	£129,333	£146,255	£84,982	£88,187	£511,696	£119,381	£93,500	£48,300	£167,949	£74,633
Cost per Ton Milled ..	17s. 9d.	£1 4 1	£1 4 1	£0 18 7	£1 4 3	£0 19 3	£1 2 4	£0 19 10	£1 5 5	£0 19 1	£1 1 8	£1 4 4	£0 17 7	£1 2 7	£1 3 2	£0 16 11
Revenue.																
Value of Gold produced ..	£270,884	£248,673	£202,066	£740,853	£99,844	£244,366	£188,083	£216,598	£102,152	£162,271	£756,436	£177,467	£106,600	£71,683	£221,287	£119,063
Value per Ton Milled ..	£1 8 4	£1 8 9	£2 4 6	£1 12 8	£1 8 7	£1 13 1	£1 12 6	£1 9 5	£1 10 7	£1 13 1	£1 12 1	£1 16 2	£1 0 1	£1 13 8	£1 10 6	£1 7 2
Working Profit.																
Amount ..	£101,163	£40,232	£92,809	£323,675	£15,152	£102,167	£58,755	£70,343	£17,170	£74,084	£244,740	£58,086	£13,120	£23,683	£53,338	£45,330
Per Ton Milled ..	£0 10 7	£0 4 8	£1 0 5	£0 14 1	£0 4 4	£0 13 10	£0 10 2	£0 9 7	£0 5 2	£0 16 0	£0 10 5	£0 11 10	£0 2 6	£0 11 1	£0 7 4	£0 10 3
Other Sources.																
NET REVENUE OR EXPENDITURE—																
Debit ..	—	—	—	—	£844	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Credit ..	£265,563	£182,346	£355	£112,306	—	£141,644	£105,095	£125,369	£13,620	£23,059	—	£122,436	—	—	£20,331	—
Net Profit ..	£126,726	£48,578	£93,364	£335,981	£14,308	£143,811	£60,760	£95,712	£20,790	£9,043	—	£36,522	£13,368	—	£55,869	—
Capital Expenditure	£3,241	£16,795	£1,025	£74,027	£349	£120,026	£129,500	£111,878	£1,702	£10,601	£44,353	—	£22,292	£17,376	£13,067	£1,916
Interim Dividends declared.																
Payable to Shareholders registered on books as at ..	—	—	Mar. 30, 1912.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	Jan. 31, 1912.	—
Rate per cent. ..	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10%	—
Total Amount of Distribution ..	—	—	£182,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	£ s.	82,782 2

\* Including Accumulations. † Exclusive of the proportion of an annuity payable to the Government in respect of mining rights acquired under certain claims.

‡ Including special declaration of Reserve Gold.



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